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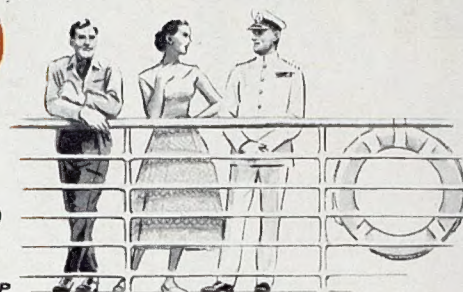
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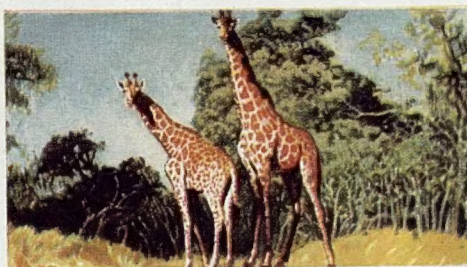
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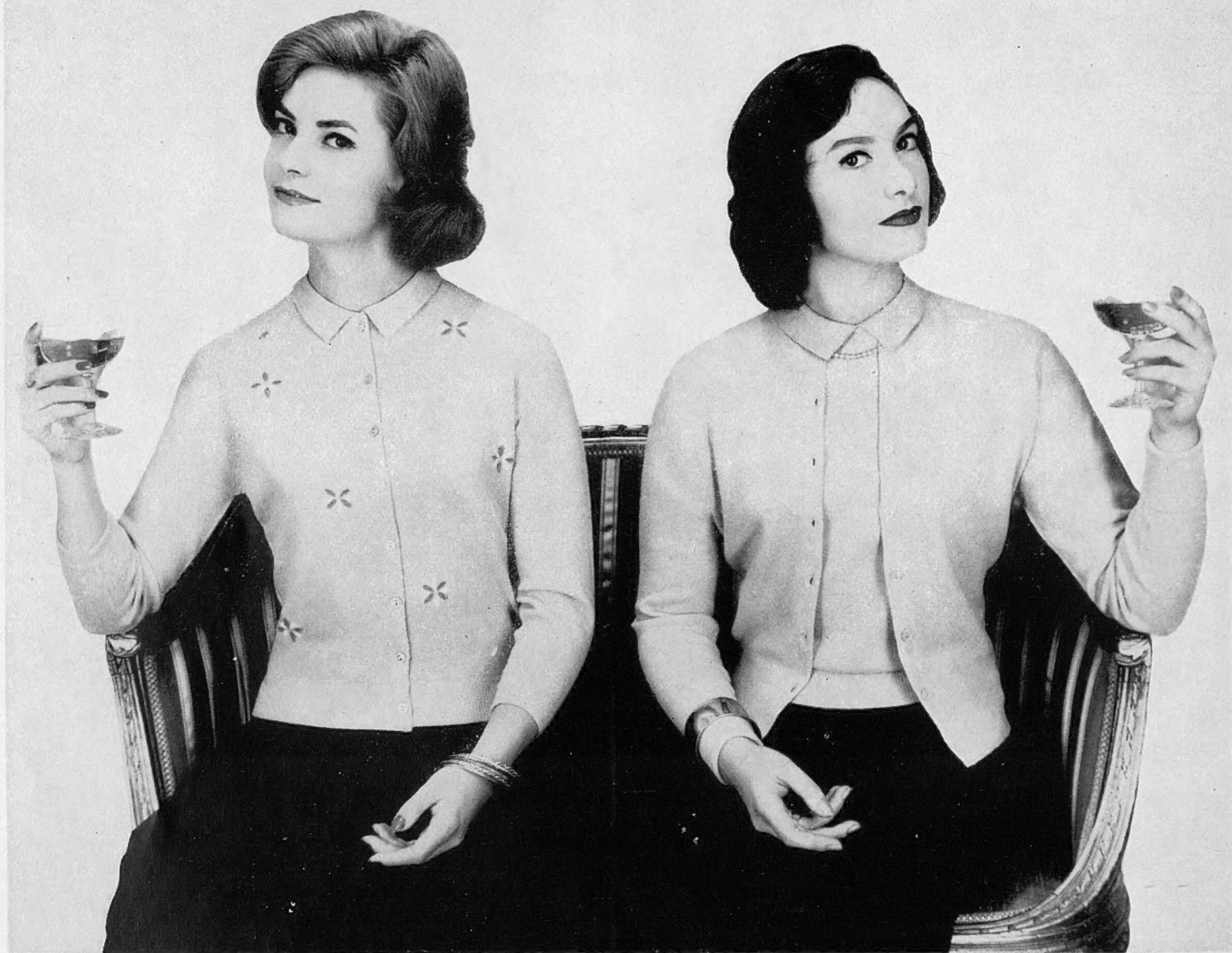
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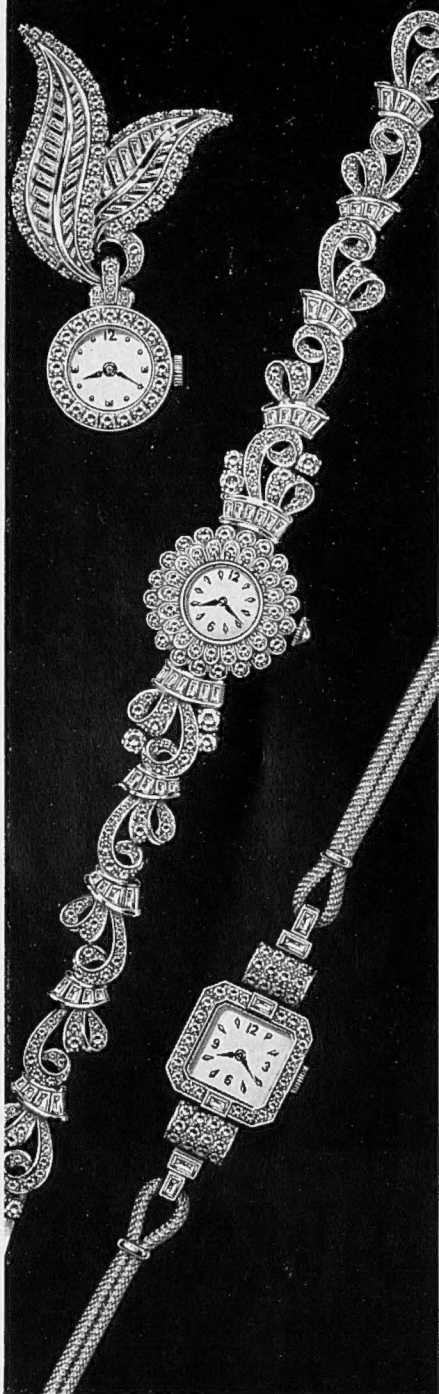
PEASE-BLOSSOM (Right)
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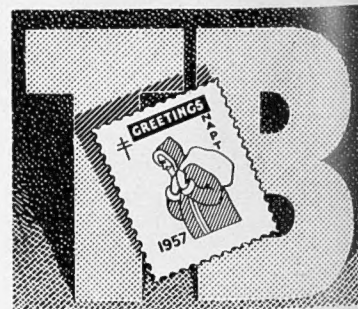
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MISS DIANA GOODHART is the daughter of Col. and Mrs. J. H. Goodhart, of Keldholme Priory, Kirbymoorside, Yorkshire. She was presented last April and her parents gave a dance for her in August which took place at Newburgh Priory, the historic house of Capt. Malcolm Wombwell. Miss Goodhart finished her education at Blois in France and is now taking up cookery and dressmaking in London. She is an enthusiastic tennis player and hunts with the Sinnington Hounds

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From November 13 to November 20

Nov. 13 (Wed.) The Queen will hold an Investiture at Buckingham Palace.
Twenty-seventh Building Exhibition (to 27th) at Olympia.
Royal Ulster Agricultural Society's Dairy Show (to 15th), at Balmoral, Belfast.
Rugby Football: Cambridge University v. Australians (Wallabies) at Cambridge.
Association Football: Scotland v. Wales at Hampden Park, Glasgow.
International Ball at the Dorchester.
Steeplechasing at Warwick.

Nov. 14 (Thu.) The Queen will visit the Building Exhibition at Olympia.
Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, accompanied by Princess Margaret, will perform the opening ceremony of Lloyd's new building.
First night: *The Bells Are Ringing* at the Coliseum.
British Dragon Class Dinner Dance at the Hyde Park Hotel.
Racing at Manchester.

Nov. 15 (Fri.) Exhibition: The Arts of the Ming Dynasty at the Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square.
First night: *The Happiest Millionaire* at the Cambridge Theatre.
R.N.V.R. Air Association Ball at Londonderry House.
Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt autumn dance at Edgkote.
Racing at Manchester and Lingfield Park; steeplechasing at Cheltenham.

Nov. 16 (Sat.) Last day of the flat racing season.
Rugby Football: London v. Australians (Wallabies) at Twickenham.
Winter Exhibition of the Royal Society of British

Artists (to December 14, provisional date), R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street.
Racing at Manchester (November Handicap) and Lingfield Park; steeplechasing at Manchester, Cheltenham and Wetherby.

Nov. 17 (Sun.) Chopin Recital by Alexander Brailowsky, 3 p.m. at the Royal Festival Hall.

Nov. 18 (Mon.) The Queen and Prince Philip will attend the annual performance in aid of the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund, at the Palladium.
International Fashion Fair (to 22nd) at the Royal Albert Hall.
Harrogate Drama Festival (to 23rd), Royal Hall, Harrogate.
Steeplechasing at Plumpton and Birmingham.

Nov. 19 (Tue.) The Queen will hold an Investiture at Buckingham Palace.
First night: *Measure For Measure* at the Old Vic.
Steeplechasing at Birmingham.

Nov. 20 (Wed.) Princess Margaret will attend a tea party in aid of the Not Forgotten Association, at the R.A.F. Club, Piccadilly.
Private View of the Exhibition of Royal Society of Portrait Painters (to December 21), Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly.
Y.M.C.A. Fair at Londonderry House, opening at 11 a.m.
Amateur Boxing Association v. Poland at Wembley.
Preview: *Flowering Cherry* at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, starring Ralph Richardson and Celia Johnson, in aid of Gosfield Hall.
Florence Nightingale Hospital Ball at the Park Lane Hotel.
Steeplechasing at Kempton Park.

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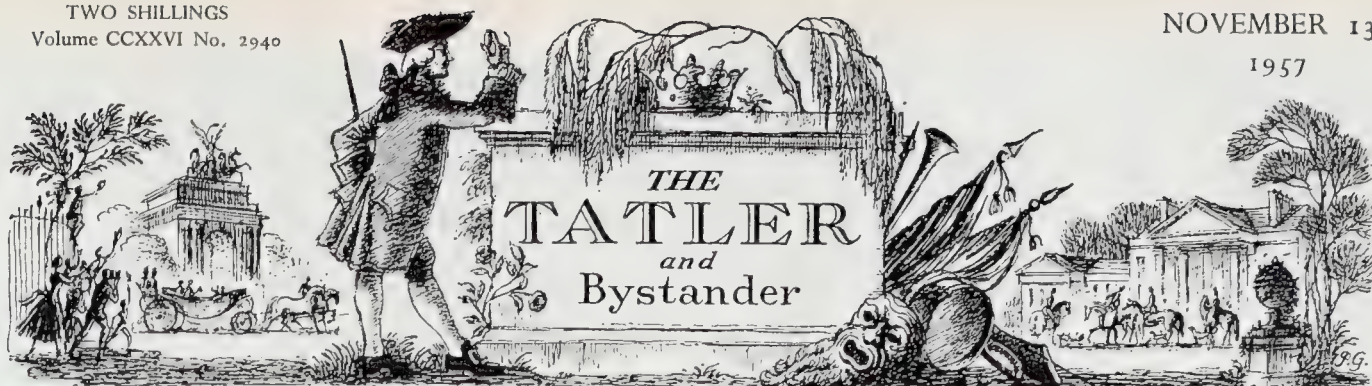
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Brodrick Haldane

On the Perthshire moors

MRS. TOBY MUSKER is here seen with her daughter, Miss Juliet Musker; Mr. Musker is the elder son of the late Major Herbert Musker and of Lady Hamond-Graeme. Juliet, who is sixteen, goes to a finishing school in Florence

next spring. She and her parents live at The Battlies House, near Bury St. Edmunds. This photograph was taken on the moors above Monzie Castle, the home of Mrs. Musker's brother, Major Douglas Maitland-Makgill-Crichton



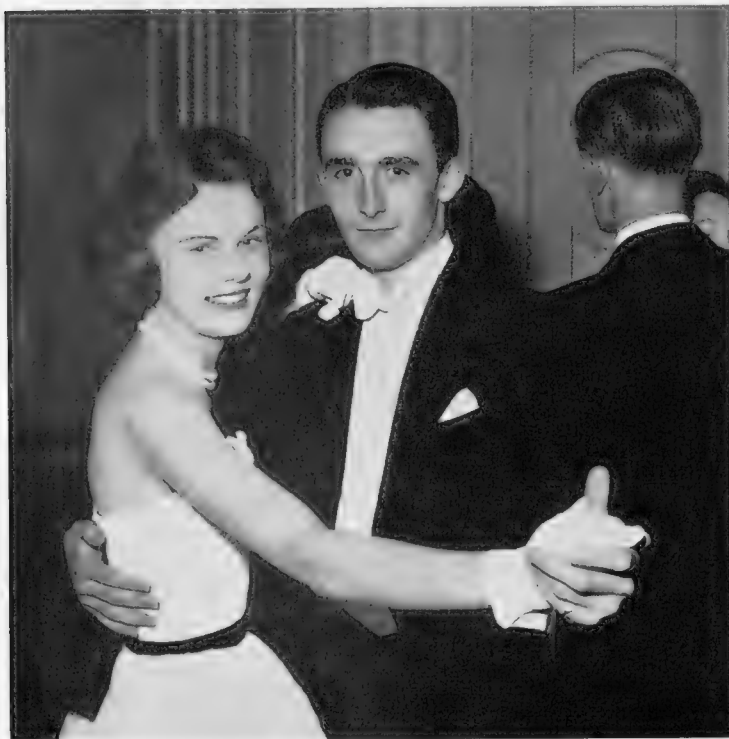
Mr. D. C. Maclean (left), Miss Belinda Maclean, and her fiance, Mr. Gresham Vaughan



Miss Gillian Buckley (left) in conversation with Mr. Ian Ley and Mrs. Ley

KNIGHTSBRIDGE DANCE

A DANCE was given at the Hyde Park Hotel by Mrs. Donald Maclean, for her daughter Miss Fiona Maclean, and Mrs. Roland Bourne, for her stepdaughter Miss Sally Bourne; both Fiona and Sally (above) are 1957 debutantes



Miss Deirdre Senior, who came out this year, with Mr. Edward Dawson



Miss Mary Vere-Laurie and Mr. Arthur Davies



Miss Virginia Capel-Cure and Mr. Ronald Andjel



Mr. Peter Jolly and Miss Felicity Hall



Miss Sally Eaton and Mr. John Brewer

Desmond O'Neill



THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT, always an event of colour and pageantry, this year enlivened a wet November morning. Her Majesty the Queen and Prince Philip are seen leaving Buckingham Palace (above) and, on right, the Queen smiles happily from the Irish State Coach during the ceremonial drive to the Houses of Parliament



Social Journal

Jennifer

THE QUEEN IN PARLIAMENT

GRATITUDE and admiration for the magnificent way in which the Queen and Prince Philip carried out their most recent goodwill journey overseas was, I am sure, in the heart of everyone lining the route and cheering, as the Royal couple drove in state from Buckingham Palace to Westminster for the opening of Parliament. They rode in the famous Irish coach, with an escort of Household Cavalry. Although inside the Houses of Parliament all was silent, one felt that all present had the same sincere feeling of pride, gratitude and affection for our magnificent young Queen, who so truly dedicates her life to her people, country and Commonwealth.

She looked radiant, a young but very stately figure, as with the brilliantly jewelled Imperial Crown on her head and the long, ermine-trimmed crimson velvet train over her exquisite gold embroidered white satin dress, Her Majesty entered the Chamber of the House of Lords and took her seat on the Throne. Prince Philip, wearing full dress naval uniform, took his place on a chair nearby.

The Chamber of the House of Lords was already filled. There were the other members of the Royal Family, the Duke of Gloucester sitting at the end of the Dukes' Bench in front of the Royal ladies, Princess Margaret in a white satin dress with a white fur and a diamond tiara, the Princess Royal in apricot with a diamond tiara, the Duchess of Gloucester in white satin with a mink stole, and the Duchess of Kent, also in white, with a really snowy white fox stole and magnificent diamonds, who had all taken up their places, facing to the left of the Throne.

MEMBERS of the Diplomatic Corps in full Court dress headed by M. Per Prebensen, the Norwegian Ambassador who is the Doyen, were in the diplomatic box with their wives in full evening dress, on the opposite side of the Chamber. Then on rows of benches facing the Throne, and on benches on each side, sat the peers in their brilliant, ermine-trimmed scarlet robes. On the red-leather covered benches each side of the Chamber sat the peeresses grouped in rows wearing evening dress, many with tiaras and lovely jewels. Above, the galleries were filled, some of the seats being occupied by the wives of Cabinet Ministers and other Members of Parliament. As the Royal procession arrived, all was absolute silence.

When the Queen was seated, the Lord Great Chamberlain the Marquess of Cholmondeley, a regal and magnificent figure in his

scarlet and gold braided uniform, took up his traditional place on the left of the steps of the Throne, ready to take the Royal commands. The Earl of Home, bearing the Cap of Maintenance, stood on the right, and Viscount Hailsham, bearing the Sword of State, on the left of Her Majesty on the steps of the Throne. The Lord High Chancellor Viscount Kilmuir, the Lord Privy Seal Mr. "Rab" Butler, and the Earl Marshal the Duke of Norfolk, stood on the right of the Queen. The officers of Her Majesty's household, her Mistress of the Robes and Ladies-in-Waiting, the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, the Garter King of Arms Sir George Bellew, the Heralds in their picturesque, heavily gold embroidered tabards, were arrayed on each side of the steps of the Throne in the rear of the great Officers of State.

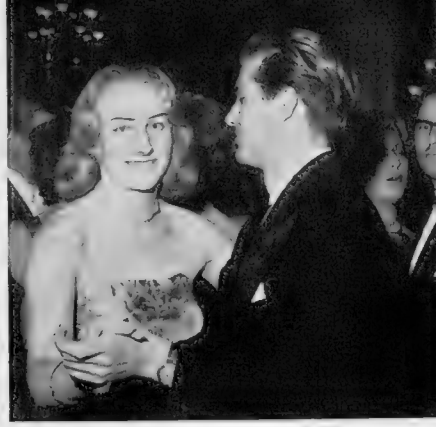
BLACK ROD Sir Brian Horrocks, with traditional solemnity, had already summoned the Speaker and Her Majesty's faithful Commons to come to the House of Lords. Then the Queen in her sincere and clear voice read from the Throne the speech which had been handed to her by the Lord Chancellor. In it she referred to the recent visit of herself and her dear husband to Canada, her opening of Parliament there and the wonderful feeling of firm understanding they had returned with. The speech also, of course, included the outline of work to be carried out in this session of Parliament, including the creation of Life Peers and Peeresses.

At the conclusion, the procession was re-formed and with great dignity Her Majesty rose and, accompanied by Prince Philip, left the Chamber of the House of Lords, and advanced slowly down the centre of the Royal Gallery to the Robing Room. Another Parliament had been opened with traditional pageantry, and another page of history turned.

Taking part in the Royal procession this year, besides those already mentioned, were the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, Mistress of the Robes, wearing the magnificent Devonshire heirloom tiara and other lovely jewels with her long white evening dress, Lord Ardee and Sir Mark Palmer, the two pages who carried the Queen's train, the Countess of Euston, Lady of the Bedchamber, Lady Margaret Hay, Woman of the Bedchamber, the Lord Steward the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, the Master of the Horse the Duke of Beaufort, Gold Stick-in-Waiting Sir Richard Howard-Vyse, Earl Fortescue, Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, and the Earl of Onslow, Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. On page 382 I mention others who were present at this impressive Opening of Parliament.



Mr. Robin Farrington and his fiancée Miss Suzanne Holman



Lady Zinnia Comins and her husband Mr. Peter Comins



Miss Sally Hunter and Lord Valentine Thynne



Miss Felicity Anne Hall and Mr. John Hall, M.P.



Miss Tessa Milne, chairman of the Junior Committee, and Lady Angela Cecil, in their witches' hats

THE Hallowe'en Ball which takes place each autumn at the Dorchester in aid of the National Children Adoption Association is always one of the gayest of the little season. What is also most important is that it always makes a good sum for the Association. This year a record of over £3,000 was cleared—a splendid result, and achieved without the services of a professional organizer so that expenses were kept to the minimum.

H.R.H. Princess Margaret, wearing an embroidered dress of palest blue satin and a pink and pale blue striped satin stole, came to the ball in a party with her cousin the Hon. Mrs. Wills, Col. John Wills, Lord Plunket, the Master of Sinclair, the Hon. Katharine Smith, Mr. Billy Wallace, and the Hon. Iris Peake who was in-waiting. Among those presented to Princess Margaret on her arrival by Lady May Abel Smith were the Dowager Viscountess Caldecote, vice-chairman of the Association, and Mr. and Mrs. Lew Grade who had done so much to ensure the financial success of the evening. Among other contributions they had arranged the excellent cabaret, and collected practically all the advertisements in the souvenir programmes. Also presented were Mrs. Stuart Don, Mrs. D. C. Plummer, general secretary of the Association, and her attractive daughter Mrs. Stephen Robinson, who both work indefatigably each year to make this event a huge success, Mr. Anthony Binny, chairman of the finance committee of the Association and honorary treasurer of the ball, and Miss Tessa Milne, chairman of the young committee. The Princess very kindly presented the prizes for the lucky programmes during the evening.

THIS was a dinner dance and at the end of an excellent dinner a bevy of young girls, headed by Miss Tessa Milne, came into the ball-room wearing tall witches' hats and carrying huge bundles of balloons, some of which contained a prize ticket, and sold them around the tables. This little interlude took less than ten minutes and raised £116 for the Association! There was also a mammoth tombola very ably run by Mrs. Monty Bloom and a team of willing helpers, which raised the big sum of over £600. The two cabaret turns were really outstanding—firstly those clever international dancing stars Holger and Dolores, and then the brilliant comedian Leo-de-Lyon, who incidentally is among those chosen to appear at the Royal Variety performance this year.

A most beloved personality who was greatly missed at the ball was Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who is President and chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Children Adoption Association, which is still a voluntary organization and does magnificent work arranging for the adoption of several hundred children annually. Princess Alice usually attends the ball and brings a big family party, but this year, being in mourning, she did not come. Her daughter, Lady May Abel Smith, was there with Col. Sir Henry Abel Smith and a gay party of young friends. At another table there was a party consisting

of the Spanish Ambassador, the Duchess of Argyll lovely in black, the Marchioness of Northampton, Lord and Lady George Scott, Col. and Mrs. Allason, and Mr. Ivan and Lady Edith Foxwell.

I saw Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson in a large party with Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Don, and others present included Lady Fergusson who won one of the lucky programme prizes, Mr. John Hall, M.P. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. F. Binny (Mr. Binny was honorary treasurer), Mr. Stephen Robinson, the Hon. Michael Portman, Miss Bridge, Heaton-Armstrong, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dunfee. There was a great number of younger guests all thoroughly enjoying the ball and among them I saw Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith pretty in pink, Miss Anne Holbech, the Hon. Angus and the Hon. James Ogilvy, Miss Jacqueline Ansley, the Hon. Sheelin Maxwell, Miss Susan Wills, Miss Joan Lawton, Miss Sally Hunter, Mr. John Adams, Miss Francesca Roberti, Miss June Ducas, Miss Ann and Miss Clare Cobbold, Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville, Miss Susan Coles, Miss Felicity-Anne Hall, Miss Leonara Frost and Miss Catherine Turner who are two of next year's débutantes, and Mr. Bruno Schroder with his sister Charmaine, who won an Austin Junior Roadster with her lucky programme.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to a most interesting reception given by the English Speaking Union at Dartmouth House, their very fine headquarters in Charles Street. This was given to welcome the 1957-58 group of American exchange teachers numbering about one hundred, who have been in this country working in England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland since the beginning of the present school term. Their opposite numbers under this scheme are now spending a year teaching in all parts of the United States. Their duties vary from teaching in technical colleges to infant schools, and in many cases the teachers, both men and women, have taken over the living accommodation of their opposite number.

This scheme is a wonderful opportunity for bettering the relationship between our two countries, as each one of the group I met was determined to spend their year here living as one of us and not as a tourist; at the same time they will be able to instil new ideas and a fresh outlook from across the Atlantic into many of the students they come in contact with.

The guests were received by Lord and Lady Baillieu and the Minister of Education, Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, and during the reception there was a very brief break for short speeches. First, Lord Baillieu welcomed the guests and spoke on the advantages of this scheme for the exchange of teachers, described by him as "opinion forming persons" whom he hoped would eventually return to their own country better informed about this one. Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd followed, and said he travelled round the Middle West as a young man with two friends, visiting and

THE HALLOWE'EN BALL

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET was the guest of honour at the 1957 Hallowe'en Ball held at the Dorchester in aid of the National Children Adoption Association; the evening's programme included an excellent cabaret and a tombola



Miss Victoria Porter and Miss Anne Holbech as balloon-selling witches



Princess Margaret was welcomed on her arrival at the ball by Mrs. Lew Grade

sometimes lecturing at American universities and colleges, and getting to know the students. His two companions on that occasion are now an Archbishop and a prominent judge in this country. This year when he visited the United States he visited the agricultural district of Florida, which he found most interesting.

Dr. H. F. Collins, Chairman of the British Committee for the interchange of Teachers, then spoke, and finally Miss Lois Miller of Monte Bello, California, President of the U.S. group of teachers, made, without a note, an excellent speech, brief and to the point. Among those present at the reception were Mr. Walworth Barbour, Minister at the United States Embassy, Sir Francis Fogarty, Director-General of the English-Speaking Union, with Lady Fogarty, Sir Ronald and Lady Gould—he is General Secretary of the National Union of Teachers—Mr. John Wallace, Col. Rex Benson, Hon. Treasurer and Deputy Chairman of the English-Speaking Union, and Mrs. Charles Doughty.

I WENT in for a short while to the St. Mark's Ball at the May Fair Hotel, which I found going with a tremendous swing. Mrs. Jack Dunfee, chairman this year, had worked tremendously hard for the success of the evening and was delighted that a splendid sum (more than from last year's ball) was raised for St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street. The Vicar of St. Mark's, the Rev. Kenneth Thorneycroft, received the guests with Mrs. Thorneycroft. There was a very successful tombola which made a big sum and was organized and run very efficiently by Mrs. Alexander Harper, who was vice-chairman of the Ball. Some magnificent prizes were raffled, including a return ticket for two to Paris, a dinner for two at a London restaurant, a liqueur set, and food, drink and service for a cocktail party for thirty. This latter prize was won by the Hon. Geoffrey Russell.

An excellent cabaret was presented by five stars from the gay musical *Free As Air* at the Savoy Theatre, who kindly gave their services free. They were Julian Slade at the piano, Gillian Lewis, Patricia Bredin, John Trevor and Gerald Harper. They sang several new numbers including an extremely amusing one written around the chairman of a charity committee called, "I Don't Know Why I Said I'd Do It." Among those who supported this effort were Mrs. Alexander Eddy, who was a prominent member of the Committee, Mrs. F. Cokayne, Mrs. Owen Stable whose husband also helped a lot, Mrs. Richard Hicks, Mrs. Brian Gardiner, Major and Mrs. Edward Christie Miller who brought a party, and Mr. and Mrs. Patrick de Laszlo who kindly lent their house for the committee meetings for the ball.

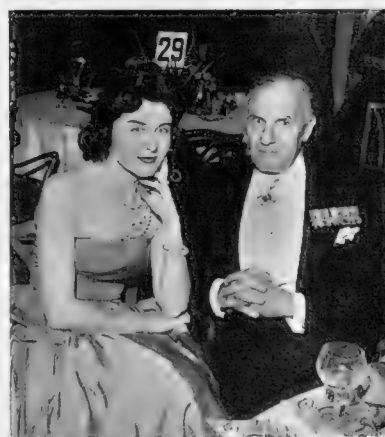
Mr. Jack Dunfee was there to help his lovely wife to entertain, the guests at their table including Viscount and Viscountess Galway, the Hon. Geoffrey and Mrs. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Soskin, and American Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Bullock. That pretty girl Miss Elaine de Miramon was with Mr. John and Miss Jennifer Mackinnon's party



Col. James Allason and Lady Edith Foxwell



Miss Jacqueline Ansley and Mr. Peter Jankovic



Lady George Scott sitting out with Capt. Tom Hussey



Col. Sir Henry Abel Smith and Miss Pru McCorquodale

Desmond O'Neill



Miss Roma Patricia Parrott, younger daughter of the Rev. G. R. Parrott and Mrs. Parrott, of Adelaide, South Australia, with her fiancé Mr. Francis Neville Chamberlain, only son of the late Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and of Mrs. Chamberlain

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Miss Patricia Massy-Beresford, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. T. H. Massy-Beresford, of New Forest Close, Woodgreen, Fordingbridge, Hants, is to marry F/Lt. Philip Arthur Boys-Stones, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Boys-Stones, of The Dendells, Alderholt, Dorset



Miss Joan Margaret Earle, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Earle, of The Firs, Over Whitacre, near Colleshill, Warwickshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. Peter Eric Marshall, who is the son of Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Marshall, of Lichfield, Staffordshire



Miss Carole Master, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. S. H. Master, of Woodbury, Witley, Surrey, is engaged to Mr. Charles Benson, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Benson, of Cliveden Place, London



Lady Mary Maitland, eldest daughter of Viscountess Maitland, of Sloane Court West, S.W.3, and of the late Viscount Maitland, is to marry the Hon. Robert Michael Christian, elder son of Lord and Lady Biddulph

of young friends, which also included Miss Caroline Vachell and Mr. John Seyfried.

★ ★ ★

AMONG the Diplomatic wives present at the Opening of Parliament, described on a previous page, I noticed Mme. Prebensen very elegant in black, Princess Zeid al-Hussein, wife of the Iraqi Ambassador, a striking figure wearing a diamond tiara with a cerise satin dress and a white fox stole. Mme. Häggblöf, wife of the Swedish Ambassador, also wearing a diamond tiara and looking very chic in royal blue satin with a white fox stole. Mme. Guerrero, the attractive young wife of the Philippine Ambassador, Mme. Schreiber the tall and beautiful wife of the Peruvian Ambassador, who looked a picture wearing a magnificent diamond tiara and necklace with a pleated lemon chiffon dress, over which she wore a stole of finest saffron and gold gauze. Mme. Clasen, wife of the Luxembourg Ambassador, and Mme. von Herwarth, wife of the German Ambassador. Mrs. George Drew, wife of the Canadian High Commissioner, looking very attractive wearing a mink cape over her satin dress, was among the High Commissioners' wives, sitting in the East Gallery. The Duchess of Buccleuch was at the Opening wearing her lovely emerald and diamond tiara and necklace with her evening dress, also Earl and Countess Mountbatten of Burma, the latter in white satin with a tiara and other lovely diamonds, and, like the Duchess of Kent, a really snowy white fox stole (some of the white furs present were no longer so snowy white!), and the Duke of Argyll with the Duchess, who looked beautiful wearing a tiara with an exquisite dress of palest grey and silver organza.

The Duke and Duchess of Somerset were there, also the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, a regal figure in a beautiful dress with an exquisite tiara and necklace, the young Marquess and Marchioness of Hertford, the latter looking charming wearing a cornflower blue satin evening coat over her evening dress and a magnificent family tiara, the Earl and Countess of Dundee, whom I met later waiting like many others for their car, Countess Ferrers who took her place at the last moment, possibly having got held up in traffic, the Earl of Hardwicke and his good-looking wife who was in grey, the Earl and Countess of Beauchamp, Countess St. Aldwyn, the Earl and Countess of Cathcart, the latter in bottle green and her coronet shaped tiara, the Earl and Countess of Selkirk, and the Earl of Mansfield and his wife.

COUNTRESS ATTLEE and Viscountess Woolton sat next to each other near Viscountess Kilmuir, Viscountess Hailsham and Viscountess Hambleden whose madonna-like beauty was enhanced by a magnificent pearl and diamond tiara which she wore with a white satin evening dress. Other peeresses I noticed, many of them accompanied by their husbands, were Lady Dynevor in palest blue with a blu mink stole and lovely diamond tiara, the Countess of Meath in black lace (her son was one of the Queen's pages), Viscountess Waverley, Viscountess Bearsted, Lady Kilmarnock, very good-looking wearing a turquoise tiara with her black velvet dress, Lady Chesham in grey and lavender brocade, Lady Pender in royal blue satin with a lovely tiara, Lady Luke, and Lady Swaythling looking very attractive in palest grey.

Lady Rank walked in slowly with her husband, and I also saw Lady Strathalmond, Lady Mancroft, Lady Killearn, Lady Baillieu, and Lady Freyberg whom I later saw waiting for their car with Lord Freyberg, V.C.

Others who attended this Opening either in one of the galleries of the Chamber of the House of Lords, or in the long Royal Gallery, were Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, Mrs. Iain Macleod, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress Sir Cullum and Lady Welch, the Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster Sir Charles and Lady Norton, Lord and Lady John Cholmondeley, and Lady Lascelles.

★ ★ ★

A DELIGHTFUL exhibition of gouaches of Tenerife by Dona Salmon is now being shown at the Redfern Galleries in Cork Street. It will be open until the 23rd of this month. The artist, who depicts flowers and plants exceptionally well, has also caught perfectly the atmosphere of this part of the world. I especially liked her pictures called "Flowers" and "The Peak Of Tenerife." In private life, Dona Salmon is Mrs. Christopher Salmon, and her husband was among those at the private view. Others there included Lord Kilmarnock's son and heir the Hon. Alistair Boyd and his attractive wife, Mr. and Mrs. Iain Hilleary recently back from Scotland, and Mr. and Mrs. Billy Abel Smith just returned from their honeymoon.

★ ★ ★

THE "500" Ball at Claridge's each autumn is always one of the cheeriest dances of the little season. It is organized annually in aid of the British Rheumatic Association and this year is being held on Friday, November 22. Tickets may be had from the Honorary Organizer, Miss Margaret Pinder, B.R.A., 11 Beaumont Street, W.1.

A Christmas Bazaar is being held at the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth in Grove End Road, N.W.8, at 2 p.m. on November 28. This is to raise funds for the hospital, which is not state controlled but is on a voluntary basis and therefore needs your help.



Lord and Lady Walpole at Newmarket



Mrs. Gosling and Mr. John Gosling



THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE

RACEGOERS at Newmarket for the Houghton Meeting saw the Cambridgeshire won by Mr. Arpad Plesch's colt Stephanotis, W. H. Carr up. Above: Mrs. Plesch leading in the winner

Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. McLoughlin, Major Bryan Gibbs and Admiral P. V. McLoughlin



Mrs. Bridge and Mr. John Bridge



Mr. H. W. L. Puxley and Mrs. Puxley



Mrs. Ian Murray and Mrs. R. Pembroke were among the racegoers



Mrs. Hughes Hallett, Capt. C. E. Fordyce and Lt.-Col. J. V. Hallett arriving

ORIEL MALET describes the life and character of Christian Dior, the unassuming dictator of haute couture, whose genius has swayed the feminine world from Paris to Sydney and back again

DIOR—gentle emperor of fashion



The hands that have changed the whole outlook on women's clothes

THE DEATH OF CHRISTIAN DIOR was broken to the world with the brutality which the unexpected lends to the most suave radio announcement, and the most discreet obituary—but the lives of the famous can seldom be discreet, and their deaths never. At once, newspapers all over the world leaped into action; the French *haute couture* had lost its leader, and an era had ended.

What has ended is a life, with all its chances, setbacks and achievements. One of the most shattering things about death is the speed with which life continues. We have only to close one door, for another to open; some new name,

unknown today, will be on the world's lips tomorrow, just as the name of Dior, which, until the New Look was launched ten years ago, was comparatively unknown. Yet he had worked hard for twenty years before that, and was to know ten years of success. Life, as far as the public is concerned, starts from the moment success is reached, yet this moment is often the beginning of the end, and it is what has gone before that matters. For once a certain degree of fame is reached, you cease to be—in the words of the comic verse—a bus, and become instead a tram. Lines are laid down, life is mapped out, and there is nothing to be done but to slip on this warm, protective overcoat, and be thankful that the cold wind of reality can no longer penetrate it. But the man inside the overcoat may sometimes suspect that, underneath it, nothing very much has changed. . . .

CHRISTIAN DIOR was born at Granville, in Normandy, and his childhood was surrounded by the solid comfort, as well as the restrictions, of a wealthy bourgeoisie family. Intelligent and delicate, his tastes lay in music and the arts, and as a boy he enjoyed designing clothes and fancy-dress costumes for his sisters. He attended the Ecole Polytechnique, but while listening to the lectures of his professors, he was in reality lost in that private world which is never stronger than in adolescence, especially when frustrated by the plans of well-meaning elders. Dior, shy and introverted, needed self-confidence; he was to find it in a small circle of intimate friends, with similar tastes, with whom he could be himself, and to whom he always remained attached. With Henri Sauguet, Christian Bérard, Jean Ozenne, Pierre Gaxotte, he was able to lead the life of a young man with enough money to enjoy himself, in Paris in the 1920s. Diaghilev was then presenting his Russian ballet, full of new colour,

warmth and light; and there were evenings at Le Boeuf Sur Le Toit, spent in making music, talking, and enjoying life. Dior launched a small art gallery in the rue Rochambeau, with a friend; but this venture was not a success.

Then came the financial crisis of 1930-31, which crippled the family business, and ruined his father. His mother, to whom he was devoted, died suddenly; the art gallery was forced to close down. Without money or future prospects, Dior moved through a succession of jobs, living in sordid lodgings, which he must have hated as much as the uncongenial work. His health gave way, he developed tuberculosis, and a group of friends contrived to send him into a sanatorium. While there, in enforced idleness at a moment when he most needed to be active, he began to draw. No doubt he fully understood the value of security now that he was deprived of it, and may have felt a determination to achieve it again, if possible, and this time never to let it go.

When he recovered, he sold six of his drawings for 120 frs. He drew with remarkable talent, combining the impudence of Lautrec with the sensitivity of Marquet. His work attracted the attention of Robert Piguet, who engaged him as a designer. Thus at the age of thirty he had found the path he was to follow.

BUT it was not even then a straight path, for the war intervened; he came back to Paris to find his place with Piguet filled, and went to work for Lucien Lelong. His big chance came when Marcel Boussac, wishing to open a *maison de couture*, approached Dior to run it for him. Among his immediate circle, his talent, imagination and taste had long been recognized; what had remained hidden until now was his acute business sense, a heritage from the line of solid industrialists and cautious peasant stock from which he sprang. He agreed to work for Boussac for a fixed salary, free of tax, and was never to change this status even when, with the launching of the New Look in 1947, he leaped into

fame overnight. From then on, the name of Christian Dior became a world-wide synonym for fashion. He brought publicity to France, and put Paris once again in her rightful place as the leader of fashion. People who might never visit Paris, never order a dress from a big house, never even see a collection, knew the magic name of Dior, from the perfume, gloves, stockings and jewellery which were sold all over the world.

Dior wore the comforting overcoat of fame becomingly, and lived up to the part he had suddenly been cast to play. He filled his house with beautiful things and a predominance of scarlet hangings (he loved red, and always included a dress of this colour in his collection). He went to all the right parties, and was himself an integral part of the *Tout-Paris*, who cultivated him in its turn. He entertained lavishly. But he chose his town house because once, long ago, he used to look down on its garden from the windows of his father's apartment at Passy. He made himself loved by the people who worked for him, and who now mourn his loss with sincere affection. He still preferred the old



The great couturier supervising one of his creations in an early stage



Maywaldt

friends, his trusted circle, and his chief recreation was to play canasta with them. Once, at a fashionable dinner party in New York, each guest was presented with a plate, and asked to draw anything they liked upon it. Dior drew a fried egg, in excellent *trompe l'oeil*, and wrote round the edge: "A solitary egg in search of its bacon. . . ." The hostess had the plate baked, and has kept it ever since.

INTENSELY superstitious, Dior was in the habit of consulting fortune-tellers, and followed their advice; in each collection he included a model wearing a big bunch of fresh *muguet*, the lucky flower of France. He was afraid of death, and, suffering from a heart disease, was constantly menaced by the threat of an attack. For this reason, and also because, speaking more truly than he knew, he said that a designer could only last for ten years, he had already decided to retire, and had made the arrangements necessary to relinquish the strain of a profession which, since the war,

had already taken toll of a large number of his contemporaries: Patou, Rochas, Piguet and Fath had all died at an early age. He hoped to end his days in the Midi, in a seventeenth-century house which he owned near Var; here, among his own friends, he hoped to find at last the peace and the security of which a troubled youth, and the long difficult years without a future, had taught him the importance.

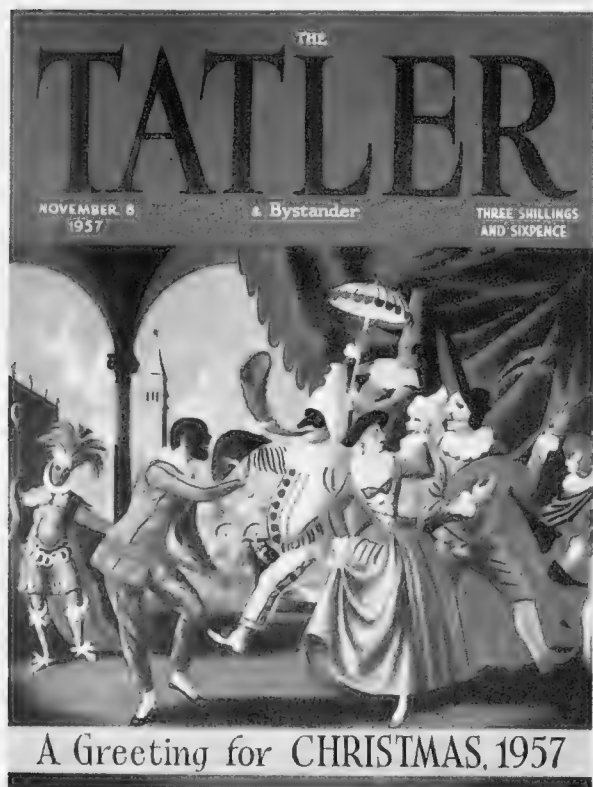
Once again, fate decided otherwise. He died suddenly at Montecatini, in Italy, where he had gone for a cure. Celebrities are always welcome at hotels; the dead, however famous, are not. Swiftly removed by a back door, after nightfall, he was brought back to Paris, where he could lie among friends, until his last journey to Caillan in Var, where, in a countryside he loved, he is buried.

He has left behind a name which will live as long as Paris leads the world of fashion—that is, as he would have hoped, for ever.



Desmond O'Neill
Air Marshal Sir Geoffrey Tuttle driving a 1902 De Dion Bouton was one of the first to arrive at Brighton

THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S annual London to Brighton Veteran Car Run took place recently in weather that tested both drivers and vehicles to the utmost. Yet most of the 236 motor-cars which moved off from Hyde Park reached Brighton for the parade, held in the afternoon



THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER of The TATLER, published last week, brings to the forthcoming festival season an entrancing contribution of urbane humour and gaiety, and glowing colour. Appetites whetted by Philip Gough's cover depicting an Italian Masque will find rich satisfaction in the contents, from that light astrological *hors d'oeuvre* "Your Christmas Stars," to recollections of the wartime Royal pantomimes at Windsor, carols, stories, and diversions; all delightfully decked out with drawings, photographs and paintings. It costs 3s. 6d., and copies may be ordered from The TATLER, Ingram House, 195-8 Strand, W.C.2. Postage, inland 4d., Canada 1½d., abroad 6½d.



The Hon. Mrs. Francis de Moleyns in her 1901 White Steamer twelve miles from Brighton

Roundabout

SLAUGHTER IN ST. JAMES'S

Cyril Ray

THAT was an appropriately melodramatic last chapter in the long story of *Murder Incorporated*, when two masked men walked, the other day, into the barber's shop of one of New York's smartest hotels, past five barbers, a manicurist, and a bootblack; pumped five bullets into the back of a sheeted, lathered figure lying in a barber's chair—it was the gang's sometime "finger man"—and got clean away by car.

It led me to think not only of the bloodstained trail that Prohibition left across the latter-day history of the United States (and let it be a lesson to us), but also of one's helplessness in a barber's—or, for that matter, in a dentist's—chair. What defence have you or I, swathed in sheeting and without our spectacles, gazing blankly at the ceiling, against the casual gunman dropping in on his way through St. James's to his club, say, or an assignation in the park?

Why, now I come to think of it, the district is all too rich in sword-cutlers and gunsmiths!

Of course, one may possibly be at the mercy, too, of a character more frequent and no less deadly than the gunman—the garrulous barber. Though I must admit that my own old friend, who has been cutting my hair (though I shear my own stubble for the past nearly twenty years, is master of a courteous taciturnity. We greet each other, and we say our weekly *au revoir*; we know what sort of health each other is enjoying, and whether decent weather blessed his holiday; but he has never bored me yet, and I sincerely hope that he can say the same. The best barbers are those who know by instinct how much conversation their clients are willing to undergo, and who ration their words accordingly.

I do not suppose, however, that exchanges between shaver and shorn will ever dwindle to the celebrated north-country colloquy between shopkeeper and commercial traveller:

"Mornin'."

"Mornin'."

"Owt?"

"Nowt."

"Mornin'."

"Mornin'."

Or the grimly purposeful unchattiness of those Lancashire-Yorkshire matches that Neville Cardus has recorded, when the opposing teams would give each other a grudging "good day" on first meeting, and then utter no word for three days save their anguished—and often extremely frequent—"How's that?" to the umpire.

Probably the most famous of all barbers, after Figaro, and certainly the one that it was least desirable to be at the mercy of, is Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street, hero—



Mr. Jack Sears and Mr. Kenneth Best in their 1904 Mercedes



Mr. John Dymond and Mr. E. Splaine in a 1903 Napoleon



Mr. S. E. Sears watches Mr. J. G. Lumsden cranking a 1901 Mors

or perhaps hero is not quite the word—of Early Victorian penny dreadfuls and of a celebrated Surrey-side melodrama of the eighteen-forties. With some claim, indeed, to being not only the most famous barber, but also the most distinguished of all Fleet Street figures, whatever may be said for the charms of this girl-reporter, or the expense account of that foreign correspondent.

Do you quarrel with the word "famous" as applied to a character who slit his customers' throats, and dropped them through a trap-door to be made into mutton pies? Oh, but we can point to some other no less ruthless Fleet Street figures of our own time. . . . And if you protest that Sweeney was not a historical character—a mere figment of the imagination, not flesh and blood at all; well, I have had similar doubts about a politician or so in my time. . . .

★ ★ ★

It is a disturbing thought that—as the experts in Lowestoft have been telling us—herring could soon become as expensive in Britain as salmon is. (It would still be worth buying, to my mind.)

One of the reasons, it seems, is curiously roundabout, to say nothing of being a footnote to social history. Because herrings and kippers have always been cheap, and the standard of living rising, fewer people want to eat them. The kipper is *infra dig*: there is a wider variety of food about, and the money to buy it. So it becomes less worth while for the fishing fleet to go out for herring; therefore the fish has become scarce; and eventually, suppose, because of scarcity, it will become dear enough to tempt back the housewife who has been lured away from what is astronomically one of the best fish in the world, simply because it is cheaper than nasty processed foods in shiny tins and packets.

In my own neighbourhood, whiting, to catch which British fishermen, I suppose, endure dreariness and hardship, and sometimes risk their lives, and to the cooking of which even the great Escoffier devoted no fewer than ten recipes, is so cheap that every fishmonger assumes without question that if you buy it at all you buy it for the cat. "They're quite good fried, you know, mum,"

our own fishmonger said to my wife: "You ought to try them yourselves some day." And there I'd been eating them for my breakfast all the time, fried to a crisp, golden brown!

MY favourite emporium in this same teeming corner of London is a junk shop, where you can buy old leather hat-boxes, pieces of sewing-machine, brass fenders, button-hooks, and small pieces of ornamental china, emblazoned with the armorial bearings of seaside resorts, and only very slightly chipped.

I have had my eye for a long time on a set of Georgian decanters there, on a shelf at the back, heavy with dust and cobwebs, but apparently handsomely proportioned, step-cut, and complete with what seem to be their proper stoppers.

"One of these days," says Joe, whose shop it is—"One of these days, when I've got rid of some of this stuff on the floor, I'll be able to get at those decanters, and you shall have first go at them." He must originally have stocked his shop from the back, working forwards, so that between him and me, on one side, and the decanters, on the other, is a small but unsurmountable accumulation of old flock mattresses, palm-stands, cracked vases, and a wicker bassinet or so. Meanwhile, the decanters get dustier and more heavily cobwebbed; it may well be that even now I see them only with the eye of faith.

However, I still have hopes of handling them, even though the heap on the floor gets no less. It is little likely to, for Joe, who is his own master, explains that when the weather is fine he prefers to stay at home, and tend his garden, rather than brave the dust of Islington. When, on the other hand, the weather is inclement, because the pile of merchandise prevents his standing in his own shop, so that he would have to stand, mackintoshed and umbrellaed, on the sodden pavement outside, he wisely stays at home and minds his health.

One of these spring or autumn days, when it neither rains nor shines, I shall turn up at the shop; Joe will be there; and the stock will have dwindled sufficiently for one of us to get at the decanters. The devil of it is that the flirtation has gone on for so long now that, however disappointing they turn out to be, I shall have to buy.



BRIGGS

by Graham



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander
Nov. 13,
1957
388*



Earl Howe, vice-chairman of the Royal Automobile Club, and Mrs. Roland Dangerfield



The Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Lascelles were among those present at the dinner dance

B.A.R.C. GATHERING

THE BRITISH AUTOMOBILE RACING CLUB held their annual dinner dance at Grosvenor House; the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, president of the club, was in the chair. Above: Mr. Roland Dangerfield and Countess Howe

Miss Jean Curtis, Mr. Ron Flockhart, Miss Ronnie Brizey and Mr. John Coombes



Mr. David Murray and the Duke of Richmond and Gordon

Mrs. Terry Ward and Mr. Peter Ashworth



Mrs. Lorna Snow dancing with Mr. John Morgan

Mrs. Selborne and Mr. Alan Selborne



A. V. Swaeb



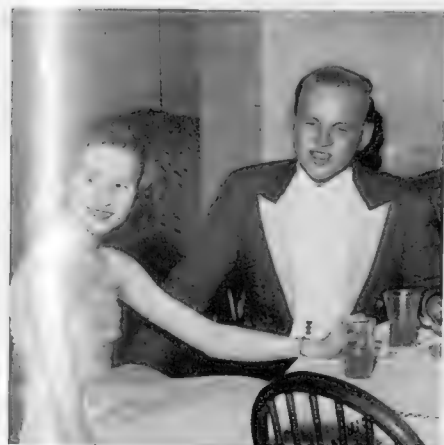
Mrs. James Hanbury sitting out with the
Hon. Timothy Jessel

DANCE AT MELTON

LADY GRETTON and Mrs. William
Codrington gave a dance for their
daughters, the Hon. Mary Ann Gretton
and Miss Sally Codrington, at Stapleford
Park, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire



The Hon. Mary Ann Gretton and Miss Sally Codrington
standing in front of one of the murals decorating the saloon



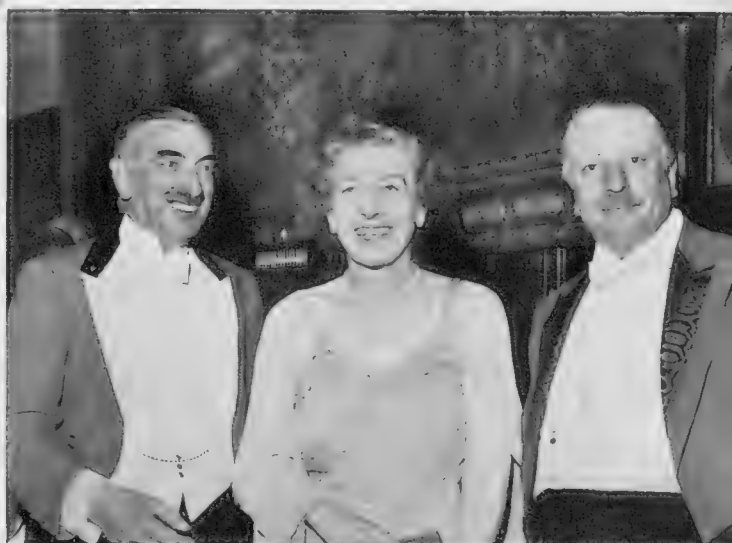
Miss Anne Holbech and Mr.
Robert Spencer-Nairn

Mr. Shane Ferguson and Lady
Gillian Floyd



Miss Shirley Abicair, the singer,
and Mr. Jamie Judd

Miss Diana Goodhart and Mr.
John Adams



Sir Henry Floyd, the Countess of Londesborough
and Lord Gretton

Mr. R. W. Gossage, Mrs. McRoberts, Mr. N.
McRoberts and Lady Tate





THE VICOMTESSE DE RIBES is the daughter of Comte Jean de Beaumont. She is very keen on dancing and is here seen with the Marquis de Cuevas who has for more than twenty years been a leading impresario of ballet



Czechoslovakian Ballet in France

The Czechoslovakian Folklorik Ballet is seen performing a folk dance on the stage of the Theatre de l'Etoile in Paris

Priscilla in Paris

RUB-A-DUB-DUB

THIS week I have had the opportunity to find out something about a lesser known aspect of the film industry, but one which flourishes here in Paris—dubbing. The largest part of the business concerns itself with the turning of English-speaking films into French, for these are shown in their original versions only in the expensive cinemas on the Champs-Élysées and the Boulevards. By the time they have been released to the quartier cinemas, tough American actors have acquired smooth French voices, except in musicals, when they suddenly burst into song in their native tongue, with bewildering effect, as in *Guys And Dolls*, which was shown here under the curious title: *Blanches Colombes et Vilains Messieurs*.

As with every art, there is good and bad dubbing, and I was lucky enough to see the best, for my first experience of it. The studio, specially equipped for this kind of work, was in one of the avenues leading off the Etoile, and the film was a German version of *The Devil's General*, the moving play about intrigues within the Nazi party, which was produced in London some years ago with Trevor Howard in the rôle of General Harras, now played in the film by Curd Jurgens. The cast for the dubbed version of *The Devil's General* included Gordon Heath and Lee Payant, who run the Abbaye club at St. Germain-des-Prés, and who are both also actors of distinction. London audiences will remember Gordon as *Othello* in 1950, and in the revue *Cranks*.

FROM an actor's point of view, dubbing can quickly be mastered, but like all techniques, it presents problems of its own. One of the trickiest of these is when an actor is called upon to dub a bad performance, for it is useless for him to attempt any improvement on his own, since the inflections of the voice and lips must be followed as closely as possible. In the same way, he can learn a great deal from being asked to dub a good performance. Lee told me that dubbing Gérard Philippe in *Le Diable au Corps* was one of the most interesting assignments he has had, of this kind; he will also shortly be doing François Perier's rôle in *Les Louves*, a horror film written by the authors of *Les Diaboliques*.

Each scene was first played over in the original version, after which the sound-track was eliminated, while a white tape unrolled at the bottom of the screen, on which appeared the English equivalent of the German phrases. When the moving band reached a marker on the left-hand side of the screen, the actor began to speak his lines, ending at exactly the



Prix Littéraires Presentation

French Literature Prizes for "Humour Noir" were presented to brothers Messieurs Sine and Jean de Obalda for their books

moment the last word vanished from sight. When played back, the English words fitted the lip movements of the original cast so closely that it was impossible to believe the film had ever been made in another language.

FROM dubbing to daubing, if that were not a highly insulting way to describe the work of the serious painters now exhibiting in all the galleries of Paris; forty-five *vernissages* took place last week alone. The most discussed is the Exposition de l'Ecole de Paris, at the Galerie Charpentier, which unites the great painters of the future with many of those alive today, whose supremacy already appears incontestable, such as Roualt, Vlaminck, Chagall, Braque, Van Dongen and Gromaire. As was inevitable, this collection has been the subject of much criticism and discussion, as to who should or should not have been included, and why. Most people will find a collection of such richness fully satisfying; the paintings are often beautiful and always interesting, and unless you happen to be a famous critic or an angry painter, you could hardly ask for more.

Two exhibitions holding their *vernissages* last week were also occasions for assembling what is generally termed *le Tout Paris*. Jean Cocteau is showing a collection of the lithographs illustrating his *Théâtre Complet*, at a small underground gallery near the Avenue de l'Opera; and the Galerie Durand-Ruel is holding an exhibition of the paintings of Ludwig Bemelmans.

MR. BEMELMANS, an Austro-American who lives in Paris as much as anywhere else, is well-known as a satirist on both sides of the Atlantic. His books about his own life (*Hotel Bemelmans*) and other people's lives, as well as an entertaining series of picture-books about a highly original child called Madeline, have brought him success, and the ability to live how and where he chooses, which is even better. For the present, he appears to have adopted painting as his chief mode of expression, and it has the same light touch of satire as his books.

Mr. Bemelmans has been heard to say that painting is easier than writing, because you do not have to think so hard, which may or may not be true; it is more likely that he paints for the same reason that he does most things—because it amuses him. I was pleased to discover the picture of a widow and her dog, seated together at a café table and studying the menu with identical expressions, which I had last seen half-finished when I visited Mr. Bemelmans at the studio outside Paris where he lives and paints when in France. His conversation is full of anecdotes which are so unbelievable as to be probably quite true. He enjoys life, and seems anxious for other people to find it as amusing as he does; and in these days of political crisis, *grippe* and gloom, this in itself is no small achievement.

—*Oriel Malet*



Desmond O'Neill

THE HON. MRS. REGINALD FELLOWES, daughter of the fourth Duke Decazes, is seen in the gardens of her house, La Maison des Zoraidés, at Cap Martin. She married first Prince Jean de Broglie, who was killed in World War One, and later the Hon. Reginald Fellowes, second son of the late Baron De Ramsey



Sir Arnold Lund and Mrs. E. B. Beauman



Lady Wakefield, Sir Wavell Wakefield and Miss Rona Macleod



Mrs. Anthony Raynsford and Major Peter Snowden

Ski Club of Great Britain Cocktail Party

A. V. Swaabe

At the Theatre

A WRITTEN-OFF PLAY COMES TO LIFE

HENRY VI (Old Vic). Two masters of craft (right) from Shakespeare's piled-up, three-part chronicle; Oliver Neville as Warwick and Derek Godfrey as Gloucester. Drawings by Glan Williams



IN what, practically speaking, is still unknown Shakespeare, the Old Vic is doing fine business. The din as the Lords of York and Lancaster curse and kill, and are cursed and killed in turn, can almost be heard by passers-by in the Waterloo Road; and excited audiences have all they can do to stop themselves from joining in the hullabaloo.

Yet until a few years ago how many had managed to get through the three parts of *Henry VI*? The professors, fiercely at war among themselves as to how much was written by Shakespeare, no doubt; but except for them possibly only the man who stayed up all night reading Bradshaw "to see how it ended." And even for him, these chronicles of complex domestic squabbles must have been tough going. Then Mr. Douglas Seale settled down to study the thing from the theatrical point of view. He had no difficulty in deciding that the trilogy was never meant to be read, but it occurred to him that these wooden chronicles, if put on the stage and enriched by the differing personalities of actors, might reveal surprising vitality.

HE proved his point with the help of the Birmingham Repertory Company in the season of 1952-3. The production was later brought down to the Old Vic and received by London

audiences as a revelation. Now, using the present Old Vic cast, Mr. Seale repeats his production, but squeezes it into two, instead of three, successive nights by running parts I and II together and scrapping, without major loss, the bulk of part I. The play can take such treatment. It is so episodic that the more episodes are thrown away the easier it is for the producer to work continuity into those that are left, and to the same end Mr. Seale does all he can to reduce the plethora of leading figures into a manageable group. The group consists of Queen Margaret, the she-wolf of France, York whom the cruel queen mocks with a paper crown before setting his head on a pole, the madly vindictive Clifford stabbing innocent children with horrid gusto, the helpless king with the character of a saint, and the sinister Richard Crookback deviously pursuing his way to a throne in another play. And the point of rest in the brutally violent action is rightly found in Henry himself.

THE loveliest scene in the play is that in which the hesitant, gentle, bookish king meditates on a battlefield the futility of war, while his meditation is pointed by the symbolic figures of a father lamenting a son he has unwittingly killed, and a son a victim of his warlike prowess whom he recognizes as his father. Mr. Paul Daneman beautifully speaks the king's gentle and disillusioned meditation, and the stage arrangement gives full effect to the poetry of the scene.

Miss Barbara Jefford is at her best as the wolfish queen, acting with superb energy and making every cruelty tell, down to the last syllable. But forcefully as York is played by Mr. Jack Gwillim, this actor is inclined to shout, a defect which robs of its pathos the fine speech in which the ruined usurper upbraids the queen for her brutal insensitivity.

MR. DEREK GODFREY, as the Crookback, plays unscrupulously, but none the less effectively, on our knowledge of Richard III. Mr. Seale backs the actor up no less unscrupulously and no less effectively by borrowing for epilogue the opening words of the later play. These tactics undoubtedly suit a play in which lack of scruple is almost invariably a measure of worthiness; which pictures an England taken over, as it were, by rival gangs of pirates, displaying fell deeds and even worse intentions in peacock language. With such material, producer and actors can go the limit in glosses and interpretation, and no harm done to scholarship either. Mr. Leslie Hurry's scenery, a murky cavern with side kennels and the kind of gloom that goes with much bloodshed, fits the play perfectly, and the whole, head-rolling tale is sent spinning along at a tremendous pace.

—Anthony Cookman



The fatally idealistic Henry (Paul Daneman), and his wild-cat queen, Margaret (Barbara Jefford)



Douglas Glass

NEW LIGHT ON THE LIFE OF HENRY V's SWEET KATE

HILARY LIDDELL is seen as Queen Katherine in "The Queen And The Welshman," by Rosemary Anne Sisson. This, the author's first play, was the most successful of the "fringe" productions at the Edinburgh Festival; it opened at the Lyric, Hammersmith, this month with the same cast, bar one exception. Edward Burnham, who directs the production, plays Gloucester, and Edward Woodward acts the part of Sir Owen Tudor



V.W.H. (EARL BATHURST'S) HUNT

THE OPENING MEET of the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) Hunt was held at Charlton Park, the Earl of Suffolk's house at Malmesbury



Miss B. Perry from New Zealand



Miss Valerie Nash, a regular follower



Earl Bathurst, the new Lord in Waiting



Capt. A. Villiers, V.W.H. huntsman

Mrs. Bryant and Mr. Richard Bryant

Mrs. A. H. B. Hart and Miss Kathleen Sinnott

P. C. Palmer



Mrs. Leonard Carver, joint-M.F.H. of the North Warwickshire, and Mr. Leonard Carver



Miss Jennifer Shaw-Preston and Mr. W. R. Fox arriving at Stoneleigh Abbey

NORTH WARWICKSHIRE OPENING MEET

THE NORTH WARWICKSHIRE HUNT held its opening meet on the lawn of Stoneleigh Abbey, the residence of Lord Leigh. A large field moved off in ideal conditions



Miss Penny Smith on Grey Linnet with Mrs. H. S. Smith



Miss Valerie Milne and Miss Elizabeth Laughton, two members of the Pony Club

Lord Leigh (left) and Mr. T. J. Bates, both joint-masters of the North Warwickshire Hunt

Van Hallan



Miss Judith Pool, Miss Rosamund Gray and Miss Adele Gray, three young followers





AVA GARDNER, a restless *femme fatale* in *The Sun Also Rises*, is seen here with one of her conquests, a young matador played by Robert Evans. Adapted from the novel *Fiesta* by Hemingway, the film's cast includes Errol Flynn and Eddie Albert (below)



TONY BRITTON (below) as a young man in trouble with the Customs, is questioned by the office gossip (Jack Watling). The repercussions of an attempt to smuggle a diamond watch into the country point a chilling moral to gamblers in *The Birthday Present*



At the Pictures

HEMINGWAY AND WATER

IT is a great many years since I read Mr. Ernest Hemingway's novel, *Fiesta*, but I know that, at the time, I thought it very fine. *The Sun Also Rises*, Mr. Darryl F. Zanuck's film version of the book, makes me wonder if I was wrong. As a conducted tour of the Paris bars, the streets and the bull-ring of Pamplona and the beach at Biarritz it might do—but how tiresome is the company one is forced to keep.

What bores they now seem to be—"the lost generation" of the 1920s, the British and American expatriates drifting fretfully about the Continent in a haze of alcohol and feeling insufferably sorry for themselves. The central figure of the beautiful, amoral *femme fatale* is terribly old hat—nearly terribly old "Green Hat"—and I am prepared to bet that no woman will have the slightest sympathy for her or for the besotted men she holds in thrall. It is said that Mr. Hemingway when shown the film walked out in a huff. I am not surprised: there *must* have been more to these characters in the novel than is ever conveyed on the screen.

Because the man she loves (Mr. Tyrone Power) is impotent as a result of a wound sustained in what used to be known as The Great War, Lady Brett Ashley (played with a conspicuous lack of charm by Miss Ava Gardner), between drinks, will have an affair with any virile male who happens along. An inferiority-complex-ridden novelist (Mr. Mel Ferrer), a bibulous British bankrupt (quite splendidly played by Mr. Errol Flynn), and a twenty-four year old bullfighter (handsome Mr. Robert Evans) fall for and are discarded by her in the course of the picture.

Mr. Power moodily looks on: "It's a good thing you have me around to look after your wounded," he tells her ladyship. She smoulders slightly and surveys him hungrily. It is altogether too bad that he is unable to satisfy her physical craving: "We could have had such good times together," she sighs. "Isn't it pretty to think so," he replies, without enthusiasm.

To me, it isn't at all pretty: I am sufficiently Scots to regard with stern disapproval the single-minded, soulless pursuit of "a good time." Lady Brett, as Miss Gardner presents her, is just a spoilt, utterly selfish woman—than which nothing can be more wearing. Mlle. Juliette Greco, appearing briefly as a lady of the easiest virtue in the Paris scenes, displays an interesting personality—and the professional's contempt for the talented amateur. The period atmosphere is well sustained—though Miss Gardner's bust rebelliously defies the *garçonne* silhouette of the day—and the fiesta at Pamplona is rich in colour and excitement. But as far as I am concerned "the lost generation" deserved to be, and can stay, lost.

M. PIERRE BRASSEUR gives a beautiful and touching performance in M. René Clair's *Porte Des Lilas*—a delightful film which boldly proclaims a belief in something so old-fashioned as human loyalty. He plays Juju, an amiable good-for-nothing, the butt of his neighbours in the slum quarter of Paris where he lives. He has one good friend, a guitar-player known as the Artist (M. George Brasseur).

An armed stranger (M. Henri Vidal) takes refuge in the Artist's house. He is, the friends discover, the notorious Pierre Barbier, a murderer on the run—but he is ill and the laws of hospitality are sacred, and it never occurs to them to turn him over to the police. They hide him in the cellar and Juju takes the greatest pleasure in nursing him, running his errands and providing him with everything he wants—even a shower-bath made out of a watering can.

The Artist views Barbier with distrust but because Juju is so happy that, for once in his life, somebody needs him, he keeps their dangerous secret and goes so far as to procure a passport which will enable the gunman to leave the country. By the time Barbier is ready to go, Juju has formed a dog-like attachment for him—but the man is a complete scoundrel and disillusionment is bound to come.

When Juju learns that Barbier has tricked the nice young girl at the local café (Mlle. Dany Carrel) into stealing her father's



savings for him, he pleads with the fellow to return the money. Barbier snarlingly refuses, they fight and Barbier is killed. Poor Juju, his moment of usefulness over, mourns the murderer as he would a friend. The Artist consoles him: he, at least, knows that the good-for-nothing is capable of the dignity of service. M. Clair's technique may seem a little dated—but it is still the technique of a master.

JACK WHITTINGHAM's well-written cautionary tale, *The Birthday Present*, has been unobtrusively well directed by Mr. Pat Jackson. It is a modest British picture which does credit to everybody concerned—and will give a well-deserved scare to anyone who has ever been tempted to cheat the British Customs. (I don't, of course, mean you.)

A young English business man (Mr. Tony Britton) is caught attempting to smuggle a diamond watch into this country as a present for his pretty wife (Miss Sylvia Syms—whom I regard as the most promising of our young actresses). The results of his folly are far-reaching: he is sentenced to three months' imprisonment and loses his job.

Mr. Britton's background—the neat little house run on a three-hundred-pound overdraft, the unspectacularly efficient office—is skilfully sketched in and gives the film a persuasive air of reality. There are effective performances from Mr. Geoffrey Keen as an understanding employer, Mr. Walter Fitzgerald as a pompous chairman, and Mr. Jack Watling as an inveterate and somewhat malicious gossip. I think you will enjoy this unassuming piece.

Your enjoyment of Mr. Walt Disney's *Johnny Tremain* will, I feel, be governed by your interest in American history. It deals, in a quite spirited fashion, with The Boston Tea Party, The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere, and the opening skirmishes, at Lexington Green and Concord, in the War of Independence.

—Elsbeth Grant

PIERRE BRASSEUR as the warm-hearted good-for-nothing Juju, and Dany Carrel as a bistro-keeper's daughter, find their lives violently disrupted by a runaway gangster in Rene Clair's new film *Porte Des Lilas*, which shows human loyalty fighting ruthlessness



JOHN WAYNE and Janet Leigh play an American air ace and a runaway Russian female flier romantically linked in *Jet Pilot*

Book Reviews

A ROMANCE OF THE PAST

NANCY MITFORD's most wonderful book to date is **Voltaire In Love** (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.). To this true story she has brought the wit, gaiety and perspicacity that she brings to fiction; also there is as a firm base her taste for the eighteenth century and her knowledge of France. Both appeared in her *Madame de Pompadour*—this time she has, at the first glance, a more desiccated, less promising subject. Tetchy Voltaire, with his destructive intellect, is known to some of us hardly more than by name. As this book's jacket says, "Most people think of Voltaire as a toothless old man in a rage." He did indeed fight like a very cat with almost all his contemporaries who were worth his mettle. Miss Mitford however studies him in another guise: she enables us to observe him throughout the course of the nearest he ever came to the tender passion.

To this he was inspired by Emilie, Marquise du Châtelet, a lady with considerable and indeed solid pretensions to being a philosopher in her own right. Accounts of Emilie's attractions differ, as Miss Mitford points out: clearly she was to a point fascinating, if not so universally so as she may have wished to be, for her eye wandered even during her intimacy with Voltaire. A blue-stocking, she clustered herself with diamonds, and was, when she raised her nose from her books, intermittently prey to a snobbishness which one must respect. Though she was well born, and had married into her class, one remains in doubt whether Emilie was completely "U." With Voltaire, who was of bourgeois origin, she passed. Their mutual devotion was unmistakable. On the strength of this, and in the interest also of their joint intellectual occupations, the couple withdrew for long terms of time together to Cirey, the du Châtelets' château in Champagne.

VOLTAIRE's removal from Paris, where many competed for his society, may account for much of the bad press Emilie got. As to exactly what went on at Cirey, there was burning and constant curiosity. Situation reports from the couple's guests were much in circulation: Miss Mitford quotes some. It was known that a theatre had been built; that great parts of the château remained unfurnished, that the sole meal a day took place at 9 o'clock (p.m.), and that the Marquis du Châtelet, on his rare returns, ate in the schoolroom with the children. Fortunately there was almost always a war on, and the Marquis was a professional soldier.

The Cirey passages are far from being the whole of *Voltaire In Love*. This complex character story is inexhaustible, and brilliantly have its different facets been touched on. The flattering cat-and-mouse with Frederick the Great, the succession of misfires with the Versailles court, Voltaire's demoniacal squabbles, Emilie's gaffes, and the final deviations in the relationship—Voltaire into a love affair with his niece, Emilie into the heated ambience of the sub-Byronic Marquis de Saint-Lambert—combine to make this whole work a great comic nightmare. I defy almost any book to be more enjoyable.

★ ★ ★

THE late Lady Clodagh Anson's **Victorian Days** (Richards Press, 21s.) is stamped with gay personality, vivid with interest. Here's an account of the Fifth Marquess of Waterford's second daughter's childhood, girlhood and later days, to and fro between Ireland and England—not only what happened but how she saw it. There are chapters also in Italy, and Egypt. Lady Clodagh was born in 1879: "I suppose," she confesses, "I cannot really remember what happened so many years ago, but all the same I seem to be able to do so, as I have heard so much about it all from my father and mother."

Family feeling (which, on whatever level, is I think one of the strongest Irish traits) warms this book—and deepens the vein of comedy. Here we find fond appreciation of many oddities: there is, for instance, the lady who had made for herself a tiara of foxes' teeth. There are some delightful sidelights on the author's childhood: e.g., on the return from making a new

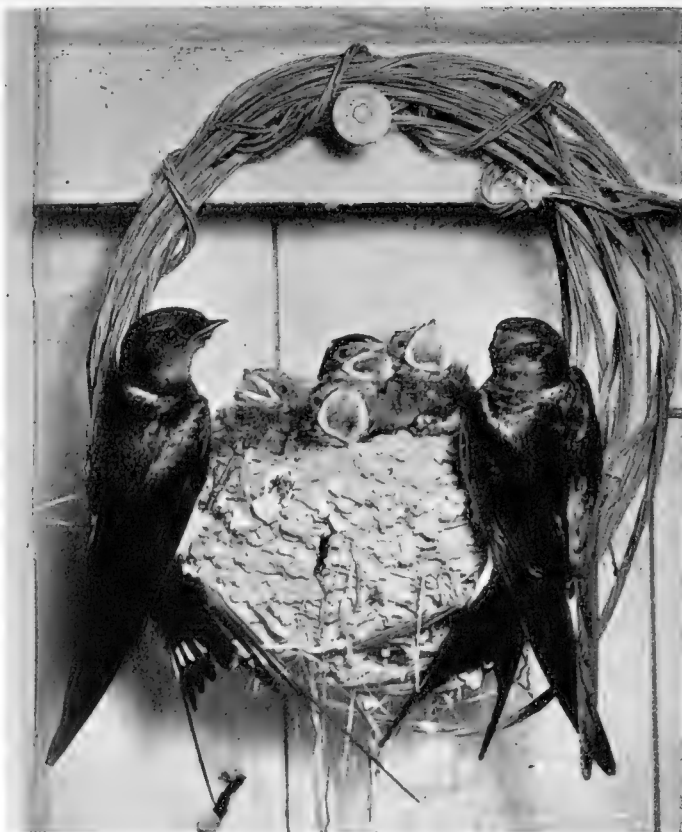


Clayton Evans

LADY ELIZABETH MONTAGU, daughter of the ninth Earl of Sandwich and sister of Viscount Hinchinbrooke, M.P., has just published her third novel, *This Side Of The Truth* (Heinemann, 15s.), the story of an adolescent girl



A RUINED ARCHWAY at Palmyra is one of the photographs reproduced in Sacheverell Sitwell's new book, *Arabesque And Honeycomb* (Robert Hale, 35s.), which is the fruit of the author's extensive travel in the Middle East



SWALLOWS nesting in a coil of wire. This delightful photograph is one of the many in *I Watch And Listen* by Nancy Price (Bodley Head, 15s.), a book which communicates the author's love and careful observation of birds to the reader

acquaintance, "I like that little girl, I can knock her down." Great houses, high doings, each side of the Irish Sea, have been immortalized in these pages; on some of which, it is true, there are shadows cast by successive "Troubles" in Ireland, and World War One. Lady Clodagh's early married years were spent in Texas: you'll enjoy her account of the Texas that then was. *Victorian Days*, which brims and sparkles with life, is a book worth going to any lengths to obtain.

★ ★ ★

I N Love Story (Collins, 10s. 6d.), Louise de Vilmorin repeats her former triumphs. This very short novel, call it *novella*, has that same light exquisite irony, plus tenderness for all kinds of human romantic foibles, which drew us to *Madame De* and *Les Belles Amours*. This time, we have a couple of charming ladies, in their late thirties, both losing their hearts to the same young man in the course of their efforts to console him. Moreover, Peter von El is unaware that he needs consolation: *he* does not know (though the rest of the world has heard!) that his faraway, adored fiancée is dead.

Eighteen-year-old Clothilde, daughter of one of the charmers, joins the party: she also bids for Peter's affection—and, with fearful youthful directness, brings about crisis. There is, I may forewarn you, a happy ending. The scene is first Normandy, then the South of France. . . . And Mme. de Vilmorin has again been fortunate in having as her translator Francis Wyndham.

★ ★ ★

The Golden Impala, by Pamela Ropner (Hart-Davis, 13s. 6d.), is a boy-and-animal story, set in one of South Africa's greatest reserves. Twelve-year-old Peter, whose father is Warden of Taluki, the reserve in question, becomes involved in impala mystery drama: *what* is the peril threatening this lovely race with extinction? Why are the impala coming crowding, for safety, into the reserves?

A dark plot is indeed afoot: keen excitements follow, and more than one hairsbreadth escape. Nominally written for boys and girls, *The Golden Impala* is likely to attract anyone with a sense of natural poetry or a curiosity as to life in the African bush. The lively, lovely bird and animal drawings are by Ralph Thomson.

—Elizabeth Bowen



ANTHONY POWELL is seen with his wife Lady Violet, daughter of the fifth Earl of Longford, at their Regency house in Somerset. Mr. Powell's latest novel, *At Lady Molly's* (Heinemann, 15s.), complete in itself, forms part of his work *The Music Of Time*

¹Clayton E.



ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA, Queen of France. This portrait by Clouet is one of the lavish variety of paintings, sculpture and photographs in Madge Garland's book on Venus through the ages, *The Changing Face Of Beauty* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 42s.)



LOOKING AHEAD

HERE is a preview of the new spring fashions, showing the honey and beige colours that promise to be top news in the New Year. In January these two models, both from Susan Small, will be in the stores. On the left is a cream coloured jersey dress, the ever-popular button-through, which has gold buttons and a self-coloured leather belt. It will cost 13½ gns. and will be obtainable from John Lewis, Oxford Street, and County Clothes, Cheltenham. Right: Casual two-tone partners, a jacket with a front of tan suede allied to a knitted cardigan of stone coloured wool is teamed with a knitted skirt of the same colour. It will cost 18½ gns.; available at Hammonds of Hull

*Photographs by
Michel Molinare*



THE EASY-FITTING LINE has come to stay. Here it is translated into the casual two-piece suits that are today's fashion favourite. Left: A middy suit in yellow and grey boucle wool tweed. Price 9½ gns., it is a Polly Peck model, at Harvey Nichols Little Shop in December. Below left: From Rima's Casual Collection comes a red jersey wool jumper suit highlighted with a red and white striped inset collar. Costing 12½ gns. it is obtainable at Robell, Baker Street, and Samuels of Manchester





Michel Molinare

BURST OF SUNSHINE for a grey winter landscape (left) is Polly Peck's dress of yellow tweed, bell-skirted and buttoned to the hem. It can be bought at Hartnell, Baker Street, and Green-smith Downes, Edinburgh, price 12 gns. It is teamed with Janine Hardy's beret. Above: From Jacqmar's International Collection comes this two-piece in fine black and brown striped wool. The sheath dress and its gently tailored jacket both have a close-fitting collarless neckline. Price 42 gns. from Jacqmar, Grosvenor Street. Hat by Janine Hardy of tobacco velvet



THE OUTLINE DRESS: nothing is more flattering to a woman with a trim figure than the outline dress of flat black—the perfect background to her jewels, her furs, herself. Opposite: just such a dress, designed for the slender purse and the slender figure, a Marcusa model in fine worsted black crepe, costing 9½ gns. Obtainable at Fenwicks of Bond Street

EXOTIC and bewitching, Madame Vernier's helmet (above), with a delicate cresting of snowy white swan and pheasant feathers, is the perfect compliment to a flat black dress. A ranch mink coat is an obvious choice to complete an aura of elegant luxury



BLACK SHEATH in jersey by Spectator Sports (right) forms a sleek silhouette from top almost to toe, an understatement of a dress that can afford to stand alone, and a treasured stand-by for any wardrobe. It is available at Liberty's, Regent Street, and Books of Sunderland, 14½ gns.



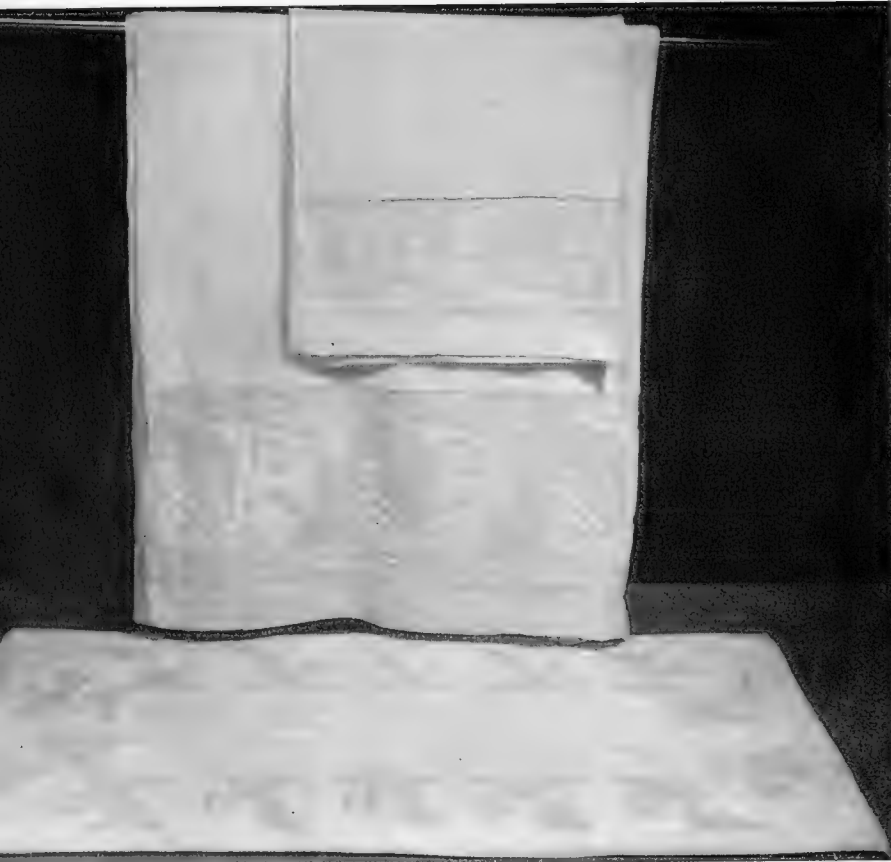


CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

HERE is a coat to defy the elements, made in a stout oatmeal wool tweed that will wear and travel well. It can be worn over a suit. By Moore & Southcott it costs £20 10s. at Gorrings, who also sell the sapphire melusine hat, 5 gns., and the calf handbag, £4 9s. 6d.

WINTER AND ROUGH WEATHER





Above: Bath linen in green, peach, maize, blue or pink, with Viking ship design; bath mat, £2 5s.; bath sheet, £3 19s. 6d.; bath towel, £1 13s. 6d.; towel, 17s. 9d.; face towel in linen, 14s.; all may be had at Givan's Irish Linen Stores



Above: White cotton sheets with matching pillow cases, striped in green, gold or peach, Egyptian cotton hems, £5 19s. 6d. the set. In larger sizes £6 19s. 6d. and £8 19s. 6d., Givan's Irish Linen Stores

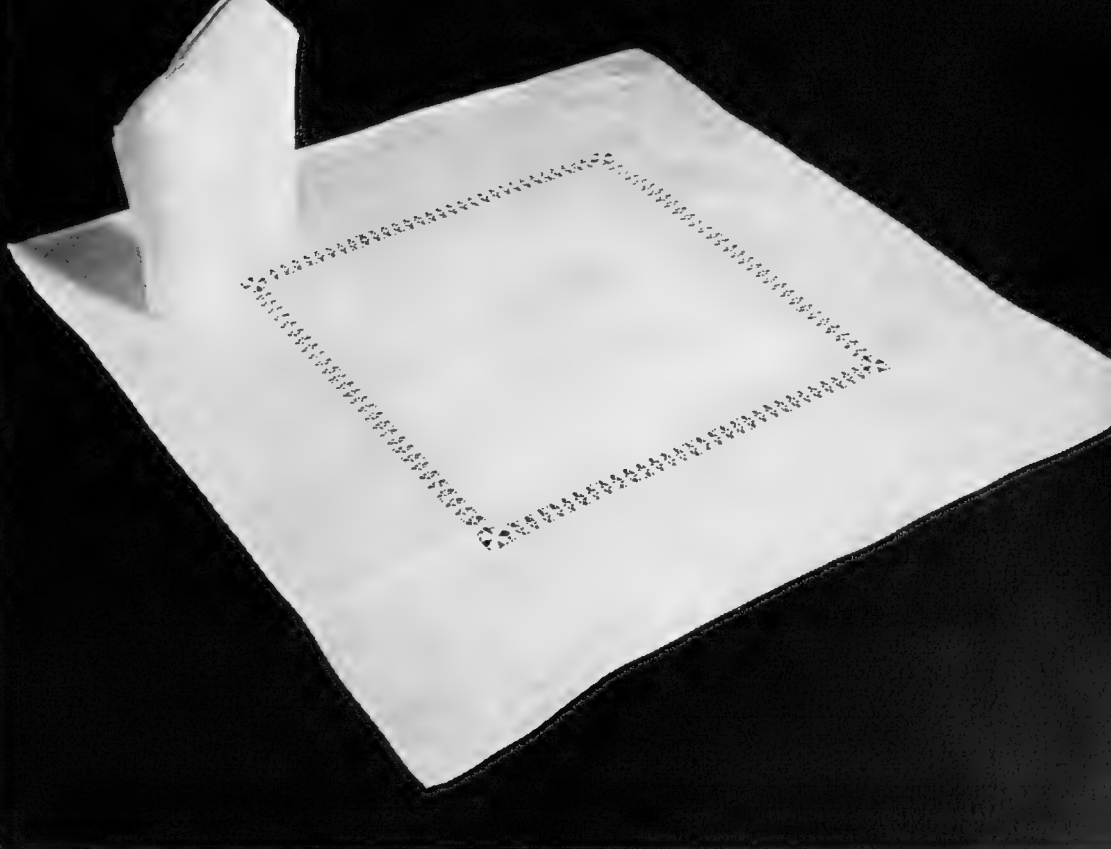


Right: Fine white percale cotton sheets with printed striped attached hems, and two pillow cases with frilled hems, £5 10s. the set, larger size, £6 15s. the set. Available at Givan's Irish Linen Stores, New Bond Street

Linen cupboard treasure trove

FINE LINEN has always been the pride of a well-run house; nowadays young wives have a wide and colourful selection of linen to choose from and to treasure

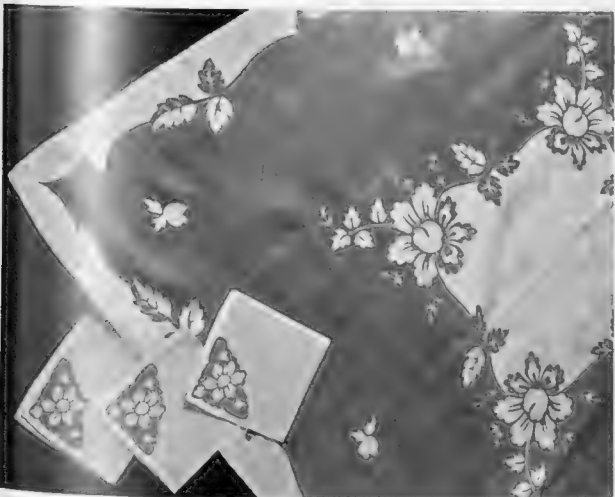
— JEAN CLELAND



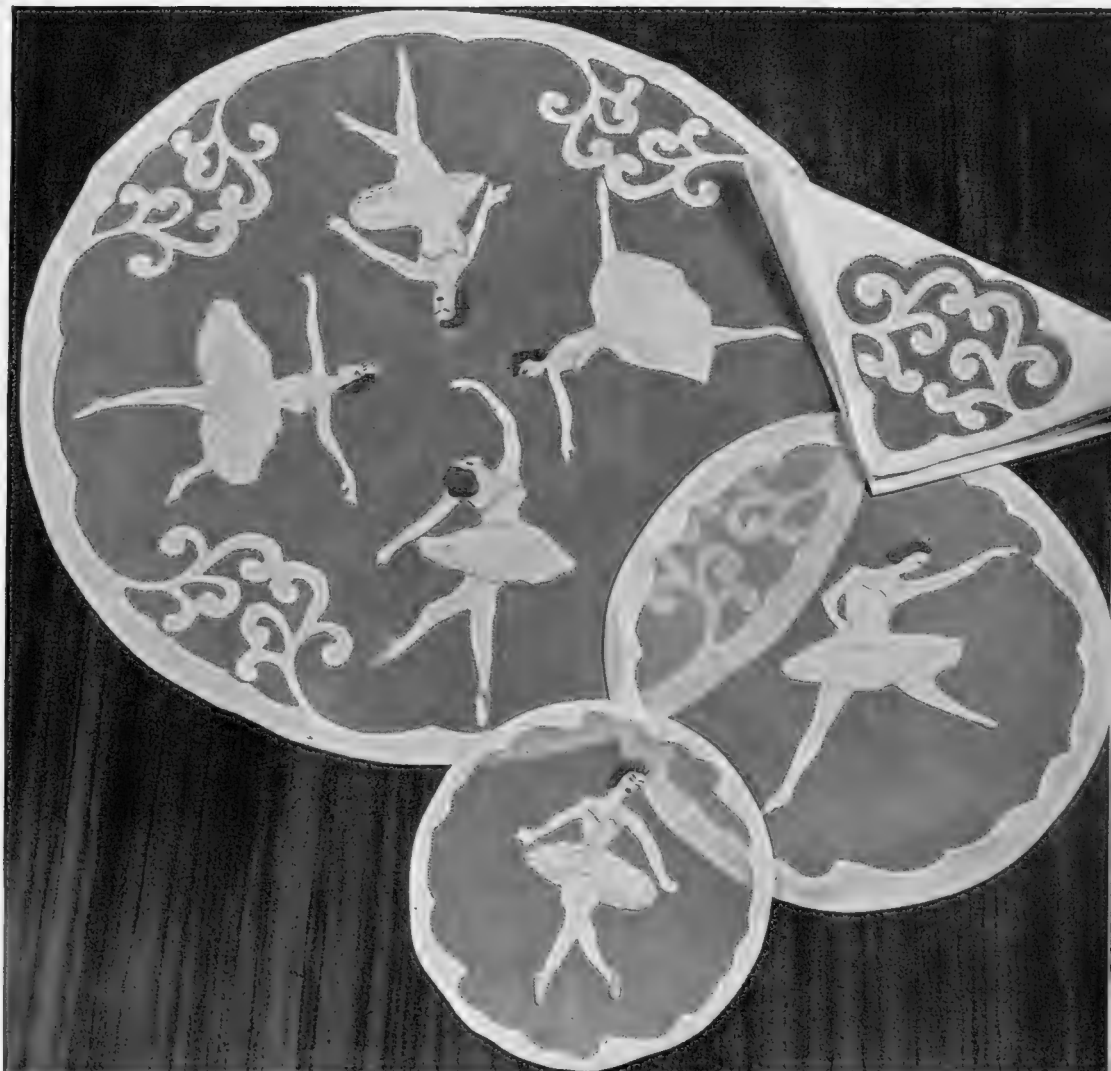
Above: A compliment to fine silver and china, these double damask napkins with lily of the valley design have hand-sewn spoke-stitch inset, and cost £5 9s. 6d. for a set of six, obtainable from Debenham & Freebody



Below: Nylon top sheet with printed rosebud hem, £3 19s. 6d., and frilled pillow case printed all over with the same rosebud design, £1 12s. 6d. Debenham & Freebody



Hand embroidered organdie tablecloth, 54-in. square, and six matching napkins costing £11 19s. 6d. the set and obtainable at Debenham & Freebody's linen dept.



Organdie and appliqué linen dinner set with "Ballerina" design, comprising six 10-in. mats, six 6-in. mats, an 18-in. centrepiece and six napkins, in various pastel shades with white, £9 9s. the set from Robinson & Cleaver

Dennis Smith

Beauty

Hairdressers to the Regent

A FASCINATING story of hairdressing as it was in the old days came my way as a result of an unusual kind of presentation. This was organized by the "Professional Hairdressing Development Group," who gave two "Oscars" to two personalities—a man and a woman—considered by the group to have brought most credit to hairdressing during the year.

The two chosen were Lady Pamela Berry and Mr. Jack Hawkins. The former received her award because of her fine work as President of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, and for her hair style, which, done by Albert, is a perfect example of the good grooming which, as she said in her speech, is infinitely important. "If a head is ill-groomed, it wrecks the whole ensemble. The haute couture and the hairdressers are indispensable to each other."

Why Jack Hawkins received his "Oscar" is not so clear. His styling is done by S. J. Hubbert of Truefitt & Hill. "In any case," said Jack Hawkins, "this 'Oscar' is useful and it is the first time that I have received something for nothing."

It was a chance remark by the chairman that led to the story that gave me a glimpse into the past. Talking of Truefitt & Hill he said that they were just about to have their 152nd anniversary, and that if the "Oscars" had been awarded when they started, no doubt the Regent (later George IV) would have received one of them.

The following day I called at Truefitt & Hill's in Bond Street, and after congratulating Mr. Hubbert spent a fascinating hour talking with the chairman and managing director, Mr. Gifford. "Was the Regent really one of the firm's clients in those days?" I asked. "Most certainly he was," said Mr. Gifford, and proceeded to tell me the story of how Truefitt & Hill opened in



Old Bond Street at the time when shops such as theirs were like clubs to which the *beau-monde* came to meet friends, have a gossip, and while away the time.

Out of a drawer where he keeps a wonderful collection of mementoes, Mr. Gifford brought out references to many famous names who had come to Truefitt & Hill throughout the years. Among these were Lily Langtry and Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, whose name was signed on a "subscription" ticket which was stamped with 30 attendances. Lily Langtry was evidently of a generous nature, because when she visited the shop, she used to send out for half a gallon of ice cream (then a great novelty) to be distributed to the staff.

I saw amusing entries in *The Times*, which appeared after the two Truefitt brothers who started the business quarrelled. Peter, who had worked for Francis, broke away and set up in opposition. Shortly after this, first one brother then the other inserted advertisements warning the public that the two firms had no connection with each other.

TRUEFITT's as they were then (Hill, who owned the present premises, was bought later by Peter Truefitt, who trading as H. P. Truefitt combined the two names) were mentioned by Thackeray in his book *Four Georges* as wigmakers to George IV. Later they were hairdressers and perfumers to Queen Victoria, since then Truefitt & Hill have served four generations of royalty up to the present day.

A small item which I found delightful was in a little note-book containing recipes, written in longhand, for scents, hair tonics, pomades, etc., 150 years ago. This was a recipe for lip salve, the ingredients for which included "4 oz. of marrow, 1 oz. of white wax and a bunch of black grapes."

Talking of hairdressing in the past, Mr. Gifford said, "Of course there were no dryers, and so the hair had to be dried by fanning it." The vision of heads of long hair being madly fanned by the poor, wretched assistants was extremely funny.

Delightful, too, was his description of the first "manicure courts" or parlours, adorned with great mirrors in massive gilt frames, and aspidistras and potted palms. Truefitt's were the first people to do manicure in this country, and an American was imported to teach the girls how it should be done. Among others she taught a Miss Welch, who, now eighty years of age, was present two years ago at the unveiling by Viscount Montgomery (a client for many years) of the plaque commemorating Truefitt & Hill's 150th anniversary.

Today the palms and the aspidistras are swept away with the ghosts of the past, and the art of Truefitt & Hill carries on in rooms as elegant as they are modern. Famous names of today continue to adorn the premises, and that the stage is still represented is evident by the attendance of such personalities as Jack Hawkins and Clive Brook, whom I saw paying his bill at the desk as I came away.

—Jean Cleland



PRESENTATIONS were made to Jack Hawkins and Lady Pamela Berry by the Professional Hairdressing Development Group at the Savoy, as described above. These "Oscars" are the highest awards made by the group to anyone outside their profession. With the winners are (left) Mr. S. J. Hubbert and (right) Albert, hairdressers to Mr. Hawkins and Lady Pamela Berry respectively.

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Bradleys jacket of white mink

RECENTLY MARRIED



Gibbs—Scott. The Hon. Eustace H. B. Gibbs, son of the late Lord Wraxall, and of Lady Wraxall, of Tyntesfield, Bristol, married Miss Evelyn Veronica Scott, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Scott, of Southwold, Suffolk, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Fayer



Lyle—Folkes. Mr. Guy A. M. Lyle, son of the late Capt. R. C. Lyle, and of Mrs. D. Lyle, of Surrey, married Miss Jocelyn (Joe) Folkes, daughter of the late Mr. Herbert J. Folkes, and of Mrs. G. R. Folkes, of Stourbridge, Worcs, at St. Peter's, Kinver

Browne—Wright. The Hon. Dominick Browne, elder son of Lord Oranmore and Browne, and the Hon. Mrs. Hew Dalrymple, married Miss Sara Margaret Wright, daughter of the late Dr. Herbert Wright, of Dublin, and of Mrs. C. A. West, of Westminster, at St. Peter's Church, Vere Street



Hunt—Henderson. Mr. Geoffrey Hunt, of Lima, Peru, son of the late Mr. Hunt, and of Mrs. Edith Hunt, of Belfast, married Miss Anne Henderson, who is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henderson, of Cochabamba, Bolivia, S. America



Exley—Durrans. The marriage took place between Mr. Brian J. Exley, second son of Mr. G. Exley, of Birkby, Huddersfield, and the late Mrs. K. Exley, and Miss M. Elizabeth Durrans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Durrans, of Thurlstone, at the Parish Church of Penistone, near Sheffield



Douglas Pennant—Le Marchant. Mr. Henry Douglas Pennant, son of the late Mr. Claud Douglas Pennant and Mrs. Douglas Pennant, of Sheering, Essex, married Miss Pamela Le Marchant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Le Marchant, of Honiton, at Broadhembury Church, Devon



Cockburn—Billiat. Mr. David G. Cockburn, only son of Mr. R. D. Cockburn, of St. Helen's, Isle of Wight, and of the late Mrs. Cockburn, married Miss Joy B. Billiat, daughter of Major and Mrs. J. J. Billiat, of Headley, Hants, at All Saints', Headley



Brittain—Carkeet-James. Mr. Peter D. Brittain, son of the late Mr. P. Brittain, of Newcastle-under-Lyme, and the late Mrs. Brittain, married Miss Diana Carkeet-James, daughter of the late Col. E. H. Carkeet-James, and of Mrs. Carkeet-James, of The Old Studio, Cranbrook, Kent, at the Chapel Royal of St. Peter ad Vincula, Tower of London

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Motoring

COLOUR COMES TO CARS

THE survey of colour trends at the Motor Show, issued every year by the Paints Division of Imperial Chemical Industries, has again had a good press. Although it specifically disclaims any power to reflect public opinion in the matter of car colours, it does, I believe, give a sound indication of the way colour fashions are moving.

For instance there is the decline of black as a car finish and the increasing popularity of red. There is the relatively steep decline in the various pastel and metallic greys that were so much seen a year or two ago. Black was down at the same low figure—4 per cent—as last year while the pastel greys had fallen from the 35 per cent of 1956 to 10 per cent this year and the metallic greys from 60 to 33 per cent.

Two-tone finishes consolidated the popularity they won a year ago, but there was only one car in the show in a three-tone finish. My own view is that the increased popularity of red is the car-buying public's response to the larger number of different shades that are now made available as standard finishes. Renault, for instance, have found a red which is bright and lively but not garish.

FEMINE influence is seen clearly enough in these colour trends; but it cannot, as yet, be discovered in the treatment of bright parts. Many well-considered colour schemes are spoilt by the wrong use of bright parts—too many of them, of too great an area and in the wrong places. There is also the problem of keeping them clean.

One would have thought that women car buyers would pay particular attention to a car's ability to retain its smartness over long periods. The use of corrosion resisting materials is one answer, but I could not find them in any of the popular models outside the Rootes group cars (the Humber "Hawk" for instance) and the Vauxhalls. Yet the use of stainless steel or of an aluminium alloy will, as the French have shown, give a car a lasting finish.

While I am on this subject of car appearance I might quote the marvellous list of colours which went out with the details of exhibits at the Scottish Motor Exhibition in the Kelvin Hall. Here it is: "Cherry, Mandarin, Mardi Gras, Calypso and Mountain reds, Fiesta, Wedgwood, Medici, Airline and Empress blues, Sage, Island, Smoke and British Racing greens with rainbow permutations of these and other colours".

PASSING the driving test is a matter about which I receive more letters from readers than most other motoring subjects. It is true that a praiseworthy attempt has been made to standardize the testing methods but it is also a fact that some of the examiners' requirements are unrealistic. Consequently the driver who goes for a test must not be too much influenced by what he sees other drivers doing on the roads—however good those drivers may be.

The demand that the gear change should be made before a corner is taken and not on it or after it, is frequently challenged by experienced drivers, but, provided that the applicant for a licence knows what the examining form is, I can see nothing wrong about this. Usually it is better to change down early rather than late and although that is not an invariable rule, there is no harm in stereotyping it for test purposes.

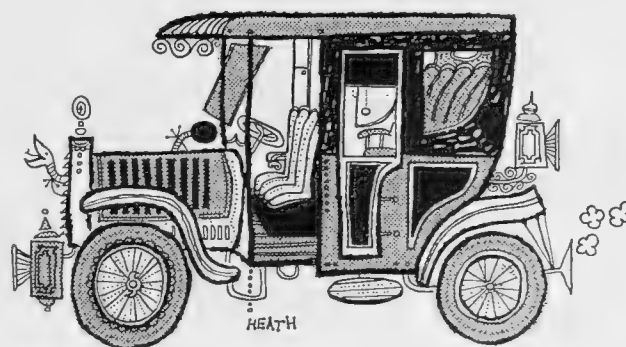
On the giving of hand signals, however, I disagree with the official opinion, which appears to be based very largely upon the methods of the police driving school. The police demand that the right window be kept open all the time for the giving of hand signals in addition to mechanical signals. What on earth is the use of car heaters, and of the care paid to body sealing and ventilating, if a window is to be open all the time?

I do feel that examining technique should be brought up to date in this and not be simply an echo of old-fashioned methods. Nevertheless I must warn those preparing to take the test that they must give the hand signals and that they must make their downward gear changes early.

—**Oliver Stewart**



LILLIMON KNUDSEN, the Scandinavian actress, is seen with the Alexander Converted Minx, an example of the current popularity of imaginative paintwork; in this case contrasting colours are used to emphasize the car's angular, back-swept lines

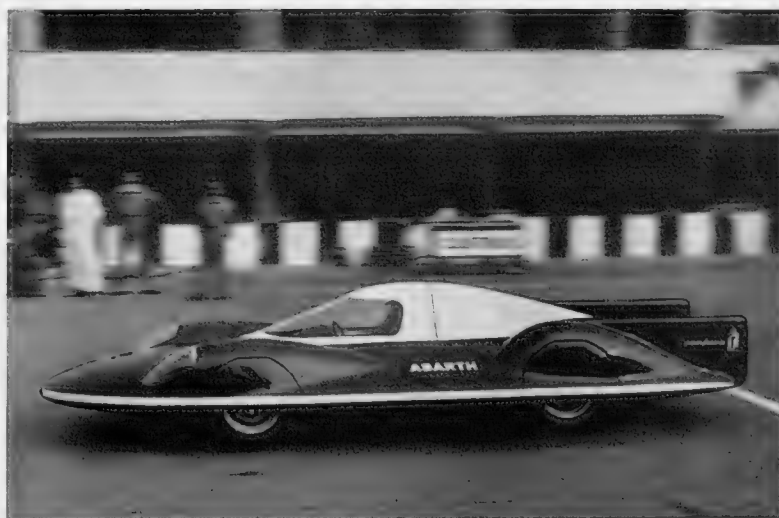


The R.A.C. suggests . . .

That fog, mist and dampness at this time of the year greatly increase the chances of condensation affecting the plugs of your car and causing a short-circuit. Overnight changes of temperature can cause this even when the car is garaged. The current tracks down the side of the plugs instead of to the points and a short-circuit results.

In bad weather, few pedestrians go coatless and hatless. The answer to the plug condensation problem is to give the plugs a hat and coat.

Waterproof covers for plugs are marketed by a number of firms and are made either of rubber or Bakelite. An alternative to these is a preparation which can be painted over the plugs to protect them.



AN ABARTH 750 racing car, driven in turn by Frere and Guarnieri, which lowered three world records at Monza

DINING OUT

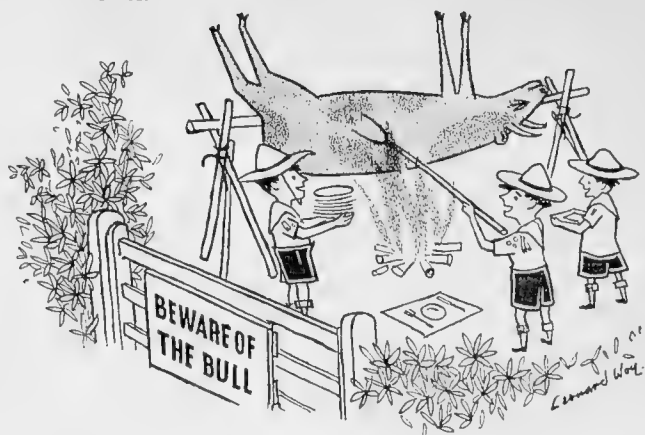
Surprise element

LOCKING back over the year, remembering places where one has had the pleasure of being served with food and wine of high quality in a friendly and efficient manner, one is inclined to ponder too much on restaurants. But one should not forget the odd places where, not expecting anything of particular quality one nevertheless received it—with added appreciation due to the surprise element.

Racecourse catering, for example, is frequently a great disappointment, but I have been very impressed with the meals served at Kempton Park, so much so that I asked if I could see the chef. He turned out to be J. A. Carpenter, who was originally apprenticed to the Park Lane and was at the Carlton when M. Perang was *maître chef de cuisine*. He has now been with George S. Elliott and Son, the racecourse caterers, for twenty-six years, and this year was the twenty-fifth occasion on which he had attended the Derby on their behalf.

Their catering manager, J. P. N. Lowe, and very energetic managing director, Mrs. "Bobbie" Woolley, explained that at such places as racecourses, where they might have to be "in and out" in a few days, it was necessary to make a great point of simplicity in order to maintain the quality at a high standard, hence their fixed lunch at 10s. 6d. On my last visit, for example, it consisted of cream of tomato soup, petit poussin with bread sauce and vegetables, and apple charlotte with ice cream, followed by cheese and biscuits. If you like to step it up to 12s. 6d. you can get some very good grilled steaks or lamb chops. At the same time my companion and I had a bottle of Aloxe Corton 1953 (Louis Latour), for which they charged 25s. 6d., a first-class wine at a reasonable price.

Another meal I shall remember was when I went down to the docks near Woolwich to lunch with Mr. Langelaan in charge of catering for the Union Castle Mail Steamship Company. The average company's luncheon room, even at top executive level, usually serves reasonable but plain and rather unimaginative meals, and this is what I expected. What I got was a remarkably fine lunch to the standards of London's most expensive restaurants, the reason being that this particular estab-



lishment was served from the kitchens of the Union Castle Catering Training Centre.

I insisted on visiting the kitchens, when I found none other than *maître chef* René Collignon in command.

He has a long record of service to the gastronomic arts; apprenticed at the Cecil he had experience at Quaglino's, Lansdowne House, Luigi's Grill and the Carlton, became a major in the Army Catering Corps in the war, and is now Superintendent-Chef-Instructor to the Union Castle Catering Centre. Here, in very well equipped kitchens, he not only trains apprentices, but receives chefs of all grades from the various ships for refresher courses.

Finally, another out-of-the-ordinary lunch I shall not forget was when Frank Hely, who is on the executive staff of Woolworths, asked me to lunch in the cafeteria of their new, mammoth and magnificent store in Oxford.

This occasion was to celebrate the opening of the store, and the guests included the Mayor and Mayoress of Oxford, Alderman and Mrs. Knight, the Sheriff, Alderman Roberts, and the Pro Vice-Chancellor of the University, Mr. T. S. R. Boase.

This was a gastronomic event of no mean proportions and a magnificent menu, with wines, was prepared in the ultra-modern kitchens of the cafeteria. To conclude the affair with a flourish, the chairman of Woolworths, Mr. R. J. Berridge, presented the Mayor with a cheque for five hundred guineas for the Ancient Buildings Fund, so contentment reigned supreme.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Royal dish of hare

WHILE I was spending a wonderful weekend near King's Lynn in Norfolk, recently, a neighbour who had been out shooting brought in a beautiful fully-grown young hare. I do not know what its eventual presentation was, but on my return I had a session with "hare" in my reference books and considered what I would do with it. Finally I settled for civet of hare, of which there must be as many recipes as there are for, say, casserole of chicken.

The one I chose is simple, and I think very good. Because I believe in making life as easy as possible, I suggest that you ask the dealer to skin and cut up the hare for you—the large legs, probably, into three pieces each—and to save the blood in one of those waxed-

paper cups. Put it into a small bowl with a teaspoon or so of wine vinegar and red wine.

Go over the pieces of hare. If you find on them any of that membrane which lies under the pelt, pull it off. Wash the pieces in a weak solution of vinegar and water. Drain and dry them, then place them in a basin with a claret glass of white wine, a little salt and pepper and a pinch of grated nutmeg. Leave them in this marinade for three hours or so, turning them over and over every hour.

Cut 3 to 4 oz. of unsmoked streaky bacon or pickled pork into smallish dice. Blanch them, then fry them in a large

enough strong pot until they begin to colour. Lift them out, then add the drained and dried hare and cook just long enough to "firm" the meat—say, 10 minutes—turning the pieces over and over. Return the bacon to the pot, together with a very finely chopped clove of garlic (or pass it through a garlic press) and a sliced shallot. Cook for a further 5 minutes. Add a very full tablespoon of flour (or a little more) and perhaps, a pinch of mixed spice, and a tablespoon of tomato purée. Work them well into the other ingredients, then add half a bottle of red wine, the liquor from the marinade and enough water just to come through the hare, a bouquet garni and a little more salt and freshly milled pepper.

Cover tightly and simmer for about 2 hours. Now add 16 to 20 little round onions, first cooked in butter to a pale gold tone. Spoon off any excess fat and add $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. field mushrooms and cook for 15 to 20 minutes. A few minutes before the dish is to be served, pour the blood mixture into the civet and stir gently. Taste and season. Some folk like to add a small glass of port at the same time. This stew should be a deep warm brown with a warm rosy cast.

Both Boulestin and Pellaprat added whole chestnuts to the civet, omitting the mushrooms. The easiest way I know of skinning chestnuts is first to cut a gash in the flat side of each. Measure them into a cup and trickle a teaspoon of olive oil over them. Turn nuts and oil into a frying pan and shake them for about 5 minutes over a strong heat. Next, place them in a fairly hot oven for a further 5 minutes. The skins, with the aid of a sharp little knife, will then come off very easily.

Add the peeled chestnuts to the civet in place of the mushrooms. They should be cooked through in a matter of minutes.

A country dish which we might well try is a boiled hare pudding. (A boiled chicken pudding is another one.) For the hare pudding, use only the legs. Ask the dealer to cut them into three pieces each. For each piece, allow half a very thin rasher of unsmoked bacon. Remove the rind. Cut each rasher across to make two pieces and spread them even thinner than they are. Wrap a piece of bacon around each piece of hare. Roll in seasoned flour (pepper, a pinch of grated nutmeg, a teaspoon of mixed herbs and very little salt).

Line a pudding basin with suet pastry. Place the "rolls" in it with a piece of field mushroom fitted between each. Add water or stock almost to come through. Place a "lid" of suet crust on top, cover with greased greaseproof paper. Stand on a trivet in a pan of boiling water reaching half-way up the basin and steam, covered, for 4 hours.

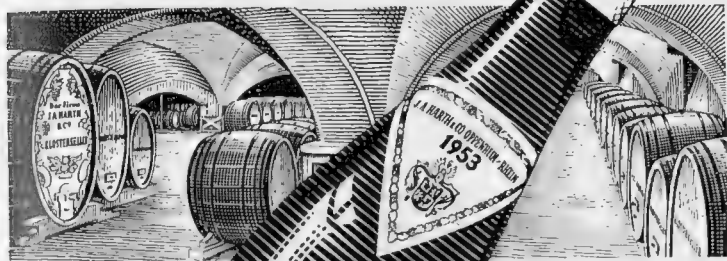
—Helen Burke



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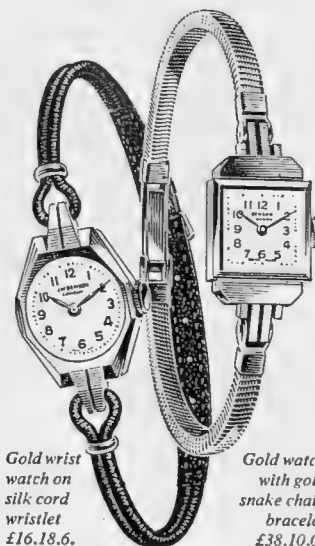
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A Woman in the Garden

SHELTERED LIVES

IT is only since we came to our present garden that I realized how terribly important shelter can be. In the old days when labour was no object, they built walls around the vegetable garden, and even within the walls they planted box edges all round the beds. They did not do this just to give themselves more labour trimming the box edges—they did it because even this low form of shelter raised the temperature of the soil in the beds a few degrees, which made all the difference to the earliness of the crops.

Yet if we have a hedge, say, six feet high, it will protect the garden inside from the full force of the wind for a distance up to ten times the height of the hedge. Even beyond this distance there is some degree of protection, but it is most effective up to ten times the height of the hedge. This can be very important, for example, around greenhouses or frames which cost us much money to keep warm.

Now, what to plant? We all want a hedge that grows quickly to a height of six feet and then gradually stops growing. Unfortunately, such hedge plants do not exist. Beech or hornbeam are probably the best hedges to grow for wind breaks. Those to whom expense is no object, who want to form a windbreak or a screen quickly, buy six-foot yews, and plant them two feet six inches apart. They have a hedge more or less overnight.

MANY folk, of course, have their shelter problems solved for them by walls or fences, but these can be eyesores and need camouflaging with living plants. The easy way is to plant one of the self-clinging climbing plants such as ivy, Virginia creeper, or the climbing hydrangea. But a wall or fence should not be looked upon as a liability to be covered up at all costs, but rather as a great asset because it gives us a chance of growing plants that will not grow in any other position. Wistarias can give tremendous charm to a wall, so can *Ceanothus dentatus*, climbing roses, such as "Mermaid" or "Paul's Scarlet"—the latter is especially beautiful against a white wall—honeysuckles, the winter jasmine, and for low walls the red berried *Cotoneaster horizontalis*.

Sometimes one has a real eyesore to cover, and by far the finest plant for this is the "Russian Vine," *Polygonum baldschuanicum*. It grows several yards a year, and its green foliage is attractive all summer, to be covered in early autumn by great foaming masses of its small white flowers. Its roots can penetrate under the foundations of a building and cause trouble. But wherever "Russian Vine" can be planted without fear of damaging the foundations, it will do its job very quickly and screen off any eyesore.

—Betty Hay



W. T. Jones

For covering a wall one of the most beautiful and popular varieties of climbing rose is Mermaid



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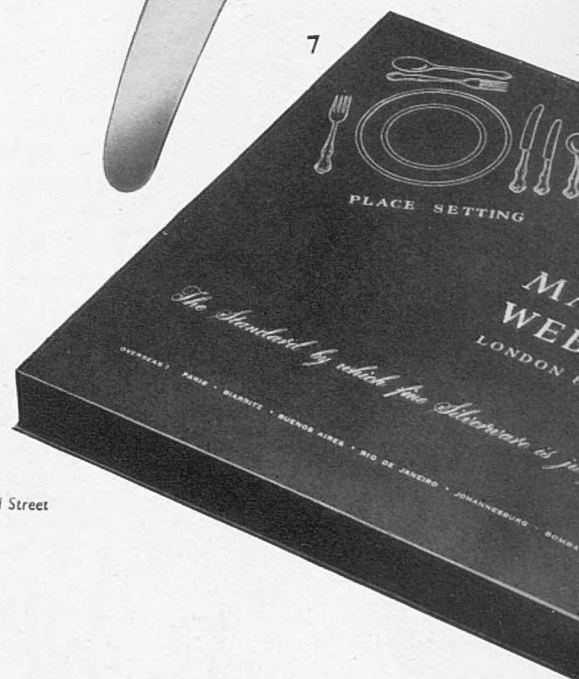
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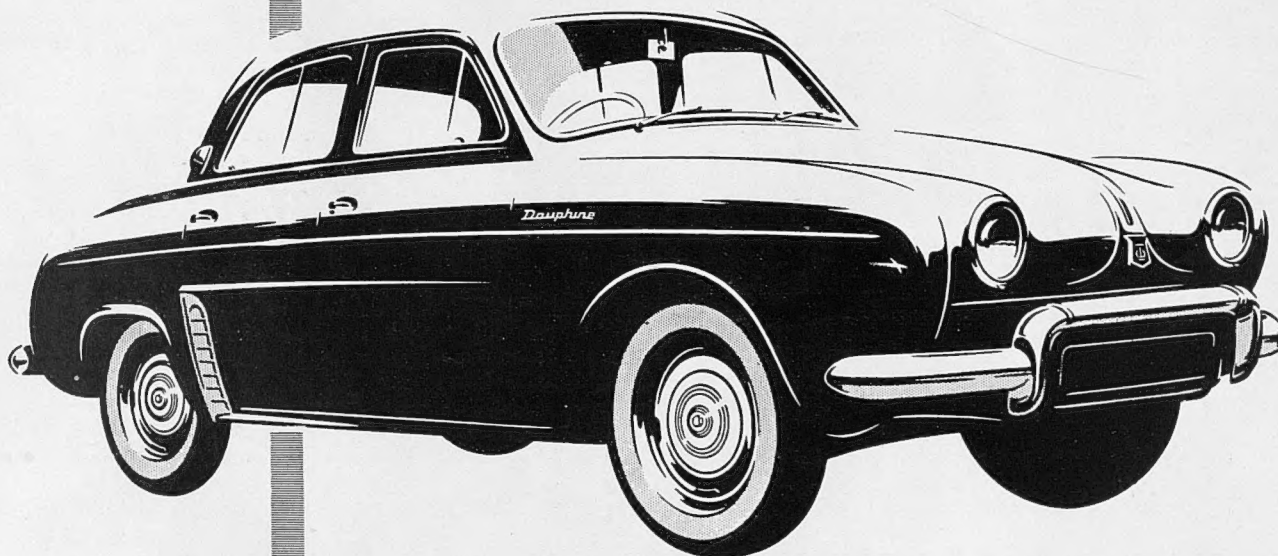
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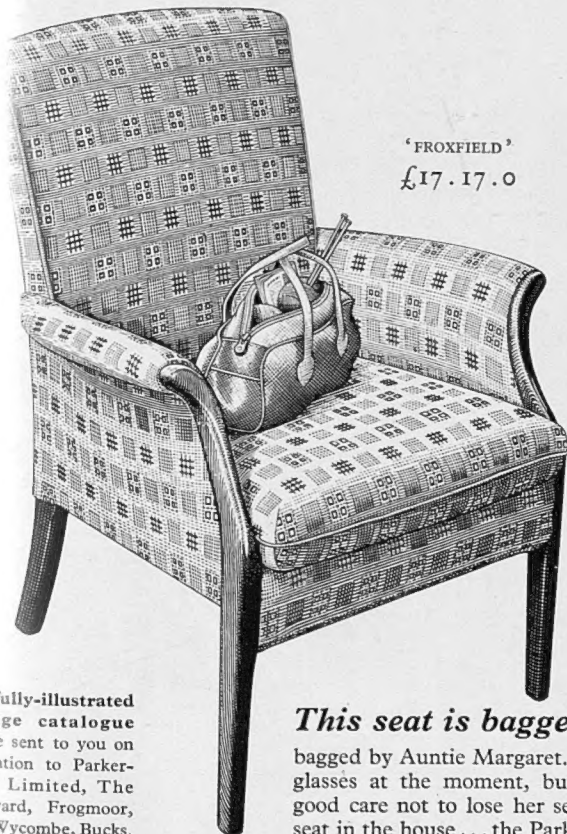
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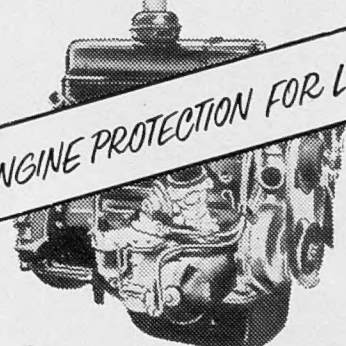
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